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THE OLD TESTAMENT AND MODERN MYTHICISM.

It is impossible for any one who pursues the march of ideas, not to observe in the labor of modern Rationalism, especially in Germany, a mode of tactics diametrically opposed to that of the last century. Voltairianism derived its arguments from Celsus, Porphyry, and Julian the apostate. The impious allurement was altogether pagan. The great secret of its success was, while it acknowledged the authenticity of the sacred books, to disparage their authors, to represent them under a grotesque form, and turn them into ridicule.—The miraculous parts of these books presented in its view, nothing but fraud or ignorance. But that daring cynicism, that brutal impiety, which strode along with towering front, and without circumlocution, without disguise, is no longer the fashion—cannot find favor in the present age. It is necessary, particularly in dreamy Germany, to broach systems of philosophy under more refined and attractive forms; systems founded on imagination, poetry, spiritualism.

However, if modern Rationalism has not followed, principally along the Rhine, in the criticism of our holy books, the route which had been traced out for it, this does not proceed from its approaching, in any way, our belief; or, as certain minds might, at first, have imagined when the philosophy of Kant and Goethe replaced that of Voltaire, that it raised up the ruins caused by impiety. Far from it. Although we are aware that the disciples of that school do not hesitate to proclaim, like Polyeuctes, "We are Christians." But who will be the victim of this ambush? Who cannot see, that if Rationalism admits our dogmas, it is merely to embody them in its thousands of errors—to absorb them in its bosom, and to convert them into its own substance. To behold the audacity with which it invades our faith, is it not evident that they regard it as a portion of its inheritance? It is true it does not arm itself to combat against it—it will not deny it; but it does worse. It treats it as a conquered province, with an insulting affectation of good-humor and kindness; it even protects it; but for the purpose of seizing on our dogmas to transform them into theorems. Is

not this hypocritical reconciliation something similar to that of Nero, who said: "I embrace my rival, but to stifle him." Whatever philosophy may assert, whatever it does, its tendency is the same: it gravitates always towards the same end. The truth is, that it merely exchanges the blunted weapons of the last century, to carry the warfare to another field: and if it appears to march through a different route, it is only for the purpose of trampling upon the ruins of the same belief.

Thank God! we are too well acquainted with the tendency of the fine words of the Eclectics and Pantheists. Eloquently has M. Ed. Quinet observed: "Christ on the Calvary of modern theology, endures a more cruel passion than on that of Golgotha. Neither the Pharisees, nor the Scribes of Jerusalem, ever presented him a more bitter chalice than that which the doctors of our days fill up for him."* Again: "The metaphysics of Hegel, daily becoming the mistress of the age, is that which is most vaunted for its absolute conformity in doctrine, with positive religion. To believe it, it would appear nothing else than the catechism transfigured; the very identity of science with revelation, or rather, absolutely the Bible. As it gave itself forth as the last word of reason, it was natural that it should regard Christianity as the last word of faith. After explanations so frank, so clear, so satisfactory, what has been found at the bottom of this orthodoxy? A tradition, without a gospel; a dogma, without immortality; and a Christianity, without Christ."†

In effect, our books are the foundation of our faith—the corner-stone of our edifice—the principle of its solidity. If you destroy them, the whole edifice must fall with them. But is not this the aim to which all the efforts of Rationalism tend in Germany? What becomes of the sacred Scriptures in their hands? They are changed into a collection of moral allegories, fragments of rhapsodies, or of an eternal epopea, of symbols, fictions, and an incoherent series of free poems and mythology. Let us examine the nature of this theory.

We must first remark that it derived its origin from the Pantheistic schools, and that its point of departure is nothing more nor less, than Rationalism. For how do these symbolists proceed? They transform into fact, some one of those thousand hypothesis which spring up in their brains like mushrooms after a shower, and then wish to palm it upon us as a law of the human mind. According to them, the first development of intelligence in its simplicity, is mythical. Go to the source of all religions, of all the most ancient histories, mythicism forms their basis, their essence. But this mythicism is not a positive fiction, or a premeditated imposture, but the reproduction of a fact or idea, which the genius, the symbolical language, the imagination of antiquity, have necessarily tinctured with their colorings; they penetrate into the domains of history and philosophy; whence historical and philosophical mythicism. The former is the narration of real events, destined to convey a knowledge of the tendency of antiquity; to join and confound the divine with the human, the natural with the supernatural; the latter is a translation, always altered, of a thought, of a speculation, of an idea, from its primitive condition. But this is not the effect of a preconceived system, but the furtive work of tradition. With regard to the origin of philosophic mythicism, nothing is more simple. As abstract ideas and expressions do an injustice to the ancient sages, and as, on the other hand,

* Art. sur Strauss, *Revue des deux mondes*, Dec. 1838.

† Ibid.

hey meant to be understood by the crowd, accessible only to sensible deas, they had recourse to a figura- ive representation, which rendered heir ideas more clear, and served as development of their conceptions. Such, we are told, is the general theo- y of mythicism. Let us now see he proofs on which it is established.

We have seen, that the partisans of his system, in order to explain the presence of mythicism at the bottom of all religions and of ancient histo- ies, have recourse to a spontaneous development of the human mind. Do you wish to know how they pretend o give to this supposition the certi- ude of a theorom of geometry? Re- present to yourself the first men hrown upon the earth, it is not ex- actly known how, placed alone in pre- sence of the material world, without any idea, without any knowledge in- herent in their nature, but in posses- sion of faculties more or less vast, which must necessarily develop them- selves under the influences of external causes. How long a time would pass, before they would arrive at the con- sciousness of their personality? This s one of the *desiderata* of the system, or, if the solution of the problem is found, they have thought best to re- serve it for the initiated. Then, all of a sudden, by an instantaneous illu- mination, the human intellect awak- ens, with the faculties proper to it, to an intellectual and moral life! Man, who, up to this moment, had paid no attention to the spectacle which the universe unfolded to his gaze, began to know himself and distinguish him- self from all that was not himself. Nor is this all: on entering thus into the possession of life, he seized, with- out any concurrence of his will, with- out any mixture of reflection, the great elements which constitute him— the idea of the infinite, and finite, and of their relations. "He attained im- mediately, spontaneously, to all the great truths, and all the essential truths."* "The reason of his being, his end, his destinies, appear to him clearly in this primitive perception, and all these perceptions manifest themselves in a language harmonious and pure, the living mirror of his soul. Now, *this spontaneous action of reason in its greatest energy, is inspiration*, and the first product of inspiration, of spontaneity, is religion."† It ex- presses itself in hymns and canticles; its language is poesy, and mythicism necessarily the form under which the privileged ones who possess this fa- culty in its high power, transmit to the crowd *the truths revealed by in- spiration.*

What now, should be thought of this hypothesis? As for us, it ap- pears that no system could embrace more impossibilities, or be more in opposition to facts, logic, and tradi- tion. What is this pretended spon- taneity which serves as a foundation of it! A revery, a gratuitous hypo- thesis, a fallacious protestation against the authority of history, a foolish at- tempt to substitute I know not what chimera to the divine act, the super- natural operation, to exterior revela- tion which illumined the cradle of hu- manity. The symbolists will endea- vor in vain to stifle truth under the mass of hypothesis—and we will al- ways arrive, by following the thread of ancient traditions, to an age when man in coming forth from the hands of his Creator, received immediately all lights and truths; to an age, when God, to make use of the expressions of the holy books, *bowing down the heights of the Heavens, descended* him- self on earth to instruct his creature. Such has ever been the belief of hu- man-kind. Now, what value, what force, can those arbitrary hypotheses have against this constant and univer- sal tradition? But, independently of

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* Cousin, *Cours d'histoire de la Philos.* p. 43.

† Id. ubi supr.

the unanimous consent of all nations, who place Eden at the commencement of all history, and preserve the memory of the primitive fall of man, reason alone is sufficient to demonstrate the absurdity of this theory.—Has it not been proved even to satiety, that had man been left in the condition in which he is represented in his origin, he never could have arisen from it! Is it not evident to any one who can understand the language of sound metaphysics, that the human mind is in an absolute impossibility of inventing thought, creating ideas and speech, producing society and religion; that an external excitement was necessary to give intellectual, as well as physical life.* Moreover, if God had created man with ideas and speeeh, if he has given fecundity to his thought, if he has revealed to him a religion, once in possession of these elements of spiritual life, must they not naturally have developed themselves? To what purpose, therefore, recur to the spontaneity of the human mind? "Ideas and expressions," says Maret, "these are the conditions of their manifestations. How could the mythic form be contained in these necessary conditions? Is it not altogether a complication entirely useless? Let this necessity be proved. We are constrained to agree that the creation of mythicism is a very complicate operation—for it would accord to the first of our race extraordinary faculties, which are not analagous in the actual state of civilization. In effect, what power must not be supposed in the inventors of mythicism to be able to harmonize, to assort ideas and symbols, and cause them to be adopted by others. This would lead us into the supernatural, from which they had hoped to escape by the theory of mythicism. Let them not attempt to free themselves from their difficulty by saying that mythicism is not the creation of a single man, but of a people, a nation, an age. This answer only renews the difficulty, and renders inexplicable the unity which is remarked and admired in history."†

And what must be thought of the good faith of these inventors? Can we conceive that a man of sound mind can deceive himself so far as to adopt as realities the ravings of the imagination? And yet, these are the foundations on which the theory of the Mythics reposes. When, in order to deny the supernatural and divine order, they are reduced to these wretched assertions, they will end only in bringing upon their enterprize discredit and ridicule, and by strengthening the truth they were laboring to destroy.

Yet, while we declare this system impossible, and contrary to facts, when employed for the purpose of proving that the first developments of the human mind, and the ancient religions are essentially mythical, we are far from denying the existence of Mythicism. We reject this system, taken in an absolute sense; but we willingly acknowledge it when confined to certain limits. It may put us in the way of reconstructing truths that have been corrupted in the Mythologies. And these are an alteration of primitive religion—and not primitive religion itself—it is clear that we may always discover at the bottom of them, traditions and facts—distorted, it is true by time and the labor of men. But how different from this is the system of our modern symbolists? We need only remember what the Iliad became under the pen of Wolf, and Roman History in the hands of Niebuhr, to understand what would be the fate of books the most authentic, if condemned, with impunity, to this bed of Procustes.

The Rationalists have made our sa

* Bonald, *Recherches philosoph.* L'abbe Maret. *Essai sur le pantheisme*, chap. 4

† Maret, ubi supr., p. 410–411.

cred books the special object of their attacks—not one have they spared. But it is particularly on the ancient testament that they have made the experiment of their system: and there is not a fact which transcends the natural order, nor a solitary personage whose proportions surpass the ordinary proportions of humanity, but they have found means to convert into Mythicism. Read all their works, and you will find that, according to them, the picture of the creation, of the fall of man, of the deluge, of the confusion of tongues, as well as the principal circumstances of the lives of Moses and Samson, are mere mytholical events, which merit just as much faith as the Metamorphoses of Ovid!

They can prescribe laws to direct you in the explanation of them. We have heard an eleve of the Schellings and Paulus, a salaried Professor of Prussia, M. Weeklein, profess to hold as prejudices, reveries, and fantasies, the menacing voice addressed to Cain after the murder of his brother, and the command given to God by Cyrus!—We have heard him teach publicly, that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, were the dupes of illusion when they imagined they spoke to the Almighty—that God assisted Noah in building the Ark, as Diana aided Strophius; that he gave strength to Gideon and Samson, as Jupiter to the Trojans; that the departure of Enoch and Elias is equivalent in fable to the rape of Ganymede, etc., etc. Their audacity does not stop here. The books of the ancient Testament being once rejected, Mosaism once placed below Mahommedanism, nothing remained but to strip the Jehovah of the Jews of all his greatness and power. Hear the language of one of the precursors of Strauss: "The Jehovah of Moses was not at all that loving and affectionate being whom Abraham venerated: he was neither the author of the world, nor the Father of men. He was one of those Gods, the number of whom no one can determine: a God towards whom every sensible heart remained closed, and from whom every thinking mind withdrew."* Another makes him a mere household deity of the family of Abraham; but he was afterwards raised by David, Solomon, and the Prophets, to the dignity of the Creator of the world.† Vatke makes him languish obscurely, in a protracted state of childhood, among the Jews; grow and increase, and develop himself at Babylon during their exile, and become there an undefined compound of Hercules of Tyre and Chronos of Syria.‡ These are some of the fruits of this modern exegesis. If the error could not be detected in its principle, it would be sufficient merely to point to such consequences, in order to demonstrate its falsity and horrible impiety.

But still more copiously to elucidate the nature of this Mythicism, we will present the reader with a valuable extract from Jahn, the learned Professor of Archiology at Vienna, where his essays are fully appreciated:

"The principal reason," he remarks, "on which the pretensions of the mythical interpretation of the ancient Testament is founded, are to be descried in the ideas of Varro. He says that the ages of the world may be divided into obscure, mythical, and historical times. Among all nations, history is at first obscure and uncertain, then mythological or allegorical, and finally positively historical. And why, they ask, if this be the case with all other people, is it not the same with the Hebrews?"

The witnesses, who should most perfectly satisfy us with regard to the legitimacy of this mythical interpre-

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* Luders, *Histoire inconagraphique des principaux peuples de l'ancien monde.*

† Janisch, *apercu universel sur le developpment de la race humaine.* Buchhloz, *Dissertation historico—politique sur Moise et Jesus Christ.* Berlin, 1803.

‡ De Vatke, *Theologie Biblique*, p. 334.

tation of the Bible, are certainly the first Christians, who had been Pagans themselves, and among whom are numbered learned men and great philosophers. Now, they could not be ignorant of the principle of Varro.—They were acquainted with the mythology of the Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, and Persians, better than we are at the present day. From their youth, the new converts had been familiar with these products of the imagination. They had long honored them. They had an opportunity of studying and discovering all the subtilities of interpretation, by the aid of which, men had sought to sustain the credit of these monuments. Then, when these neophytes began to read the bible, is it probable that they would not have detected and brought out this mythicism, if any had existed? Yet, they view in the bible nothing but a pure and simple history. We must, therefore, following the opinion of these competent and ancient judges, acknowledge that there is a great difference between the mythology of the Pagans, and the nature of the Bible.

Were we to apply to that inspired volume the principle of Varro, we would not find in it those obscure or uncertain times, which precede the apparition of mythology. The Hebrew annals do not suppose them.—Thus these annals differ essentially from those of any other people. On the other hand, the most ancient legends of other nations begin with polytheism: they not only speak of alliances between the Gods and mortals, but they even narrate the crimes of the celestials, describe the wars among the immortals: they divinize the sun, moon, and stars; admit a crowd of demi-gods, genii, demons; and bestow apotheosis on every inventor of a useful art. If they present a chronology, it amounts to nothing, or is very gigantic. Their geography displays but a vast field peopled with chimeras —and thus do they give full scope to the most extravagant imaginations.

But it is quite otherwise with the Biblical records. They commence by declaring that there is ONE GOD, Creator of all things, whose power is irresistible. He wills, and instantly all things are! In them we find no chimerical chaos of the other nations, no rebellious matter, no Ahriman the genius of evil. Here the sun, moon, stars, far from being Gods, are made for the use of man, diffusing light, and measuring the course of time. All great inventions are made by men, who remain mere men. Chronology proceeds in a natural sense, and geography does not rush beyond the boundaries of the earth. There are no transformations, no metamorphoses; nothing, in a word, that so clearly indicates, in the books of the most ancient people, the traces of imagination and mythicism. But this knowledge of the Creator, without any mixture of superstition, could not be derived except through divine revelation.

Among almost all people, mythology is exercised in the night of years, when the imagination did not dread facts, and it became extinguished as soon as history dawned. The Hebrew monuments, on the contrary, are less filled with prodigious things in ancient times, than in more modern. If the writer had desired to give us a heap of dubious legends, fictions, mythologies, he would surely have placed them far back in the gloom of the past, instead of exposing himself to be contradicted by placing them at a period when positive history possessed a thousand means of combating and destroying them.*

Let us then sum up the results of our observations:

I. The first Christians, reared in Paganism, familiar with the Egyptian, Greek, and Roman mythologies, re-

* Jahn, *Biblisch Archæol.* Erst. Theil, Vorrede, l. 28.

cognized nothing mythical, but pure history, in the Bible.

II. The annals of the Hebrews do not suppose, like those of other nations, the obscure and uncertain times which preceded the apparition of mythology.

III. The knowledge of God the Creator, which was preserved pure and unadulterated among the Jews alone, could only be derived from a divine revelation : it has not its source in polytheism.

IV. What strikes us in the ancient Testament is, that so few prodigies are related of the most ancient, and so many of the more recent, times : the contrary is observed among other people.

V. The nature of the Biblical traditions preserved them without alteration, down to the times when they were collected together by Moses.

Thus do we hope to have proved satisfactorily, to every dispassionate reader, (and we owe the substance of this article to a distinguished French writer, V. Cauvigny,) that the system of Rationalists, as it now developes itself, especially in Germany, is without foundation, and leads to infidelity and polytheism.

THE KNOWLEDGE OF JESUS CHRIST.*

BY L'ABBE COMBALOT.

Christianity is, at the present time, attacked in two fundamental points—both in its method of teaching, and in the logical foundations of its doctrines. Men will not recognize either the authority of the Church which teaches, or the Divinity of Jesus Christ, the head of all Christian virtue. They will not acknowledge the authority of the Church, because they find it too humiliating for human reason. They reject the Divinity of Jesus Christ, either as incompatible with philosophic pride, which denies all the mysteries it cannot explain, or because, if Jesus were recognized as a God, all the other revealed dogmas must inevitably be admitted. But he who trusts in his reason only for the discovery of all truth, and who rejects, at the same time, the mysterious chain by which God and humanity unite themselves in the Word made flesh, is forced to admit either that reason is infallible, or to deny the existence of God, with whom he sees no more necessary intercourse, or to declare himself God, or a modification of God. One of these consequences must follow, if the authority of the Church is rejected : either the apotheosis of reason, or the denial of the existence of Christ, if his divinity is rejected, or Pantheism more or less complete, or the denial of God himself. We only glance very rapidly at the result of modern philosophy. We contend that atheism and pantheism must be the consequence of the denial of the divinity of Jesus Christ. Now if these two errors, the denial of the authority of the Church, and of the divinity of Jesus Christ, have such a striking coincidence in their consequences, it is easy to comprehend how much more striking will be the agreement between

* Translated from the *Annales de Philosophie Chretienne*, for the Catholic Expositor.

the two opposed truths. In fact, the authority of the church being founded on the mission of Jesus Christ, in whose name she speaks; and on the other hand, the divinity of Jesus Christ being the interior medium of grace by which the Word enters the intelligence of created man, while the exterior word of the church strikes his ears, it must be said that the authority of the church and the divinity of Christ lose themselves, in the eyes of the Christian enlightened by faith, in one and the same mystery of Love, in the mission which the Father gave to the uncreated word, to restore light and peace to the world plunged in error and guilt: "Illuminare his qui in tenebris et in umbra mortis sedent ad dirigendos pedes nostros in viam pacis." But as, at the present time, more than ever, human thought seeks in its own powers to discover the law of reason, and its agreements with God, it is of extreme importance to show that this reason, darkened by sin, must be enlightened by an exterior and permanent revelation; and that the union with God, which was broken by the same cause, cannot be formed anew but by a man-God—but by Jesus Christ. The divinity of Christ and the authority of the church must be established; and, uniting in one, sustain themselves mutually; so that one dogma cannot be shaken without demolishing the other. These reflections explain why M. Abbe Combalot wished to present both the question of the church and that of the incarnation at the same time: for while errors, for the most part, have only to be confronted with each other to be destroyed, so particular truths need only be compared with each other in order to be traced to the first source of all truth, which is God. And it is one of the most consoling spectacles for the Christian to see each dogma manifested by faith, as fast as they approach one another, uniting in the centre of divine light, like the beams of the sun, which, descending in different directions, lose themselves in one and the same source of light. In the third book against the Academicians, St. Augustine writes: "No one doubts that we are constrained, in the order of knowledge, by authority and reason: and, for my part, I am resolved never to turn away from the authority of Christ; for I find nothing so exalted but is taught by this authority. We must search, by the efforts of reason; and such is my disposition, that I desire to seize all truth, not only by faith, but by intelligence."

These words explain the thought of Mr. Combalot: he wishes, from the very foundation of faith, to spring into the infinite developements which the contemplation of the Catholic dogmas presents. He begins by stating the different orders of knowledge to which an intelligent creature can arise; the powers of which man was deprived by original sin; the necessity of a master to instruct us. This master, who is Jesus Christ, spoke to us during his mortal life, and continues so to do by the voice of the Church: so that the church is but Christ continuing to instruct men. Wherefore, if Christ is God, the voice of the church is that of God; and it follows, if Jesus Christ is not God, all belief is taken from the church.

Men do not reflect on the double character which the Church presents in the order of her doctrines; and it is for this reason that she is accused of being guilty of a *vicious circle*. She addresses herself to the incredulous as a witness of the supernatural facts which prove the divinity of Christ; and she says, either Jesus is God or nothing, is certain in human history: for this dogma rests on a series of facts which cannot be shaken, without shaking all human certitude. The divinity of the Saviour, established on the inevitable necessity of affirming something that has taken place, the church attaches to it the first link of

the long chain of traditions which extends down eighteen centuries; and as Christ said to the heads of this church, "He that heareth you, heareth me," it is incontestable, that in listening to the voice of the heads of the church who succeed one another in the lapse of time, we will hear the echo of the voice of God proceeding from the depths of eternity, to instruct all generations.

But let us observe an extraordinary fact: the church, the depositary of the title of the divinity of Christ, offers divine facts to establish this dogma. For all truth must be shown by an analogous order of proofs; and it is here that we must admire the harmony which subsists between the dogma of the divinity of Christ and of the proofs which establish it. What do we mean when we affirm that Jesus Christ is God, if not that the Divine is united to the human nature, in a closer manner than the soul to the body? To contest this fact, we must prove that God holds a relation with man—he has the right to require the exercise of his reason by titles more irrefragable than those put forth by man, to be believed by his fellow man. These titles are miracles—miracles are the credentials of God; for his envoys, by miracles, prove the relation of God with men, in a divine and human manner—divine, since it emanates from God; human, since it speaks to man. On this account, the miracles of the ancient Testament announced Christ, accustoming men to the possibility of seeing God in communion with misery, under the veil of humanity.

If the miracles of the old law have been the forerunners of the preaching of Christ, the existence of the church is the continuation of it—one, universal, perpetual, holy. In vain are heresies formed—detached branches severed from the trunk, like to a sapling, which, as it falls, strikes against a rock, and carries with it into the abyss some loose fragments, while the rock remains firm and solid. So the house of God is sometimes shaken by the generations that pass with time, but *it does not pass;* but always spreads abroad the light of ALL TRUTH, and the sweet perfume of ALL VIRTUES. The church, the spouse of the man-God, is in some degree identified with its founder, who is one with its members, as God is one in his triple personality. She is universal because God is so—holy because God is holy.

The divinity of Christ is established on the testimony of facts, and the authority of the church is supported by the authority of God. Faith has placed us in accordance with the mediator—God and man. If we exercise our reason on a point, *quod*, says Saint Augustine, *subtilissima ratione persequendum est*, we will find that we are standing in a new world. God, his nature, the Trinity, the operations of the adorable persons, the creation, the origin of man, his fall, his reparation, his glorification—this is what Christ has made known to us, and what reason, aided by faith, contemplates on the earth, through a veil, obscure, though transparent, which will be removed only at the end of years.

Let us never forget that the incarnate word of God acts on man. He speaks with the authority of God; he reveals the science of God, as far as should be known; and he subjugates human knowledge by the power of the church. It is our obedience which he wishes; and it is necessary that, being separated from God, we should return to him in spirit, by our obedience. Obedience of spirit is faith; and it is in this sense that St. Augustine declares that Christ is the monarch of it: *imperator fidei*. He commands once: and when that is done, he pours his light upon the spirit that pants after knowledge, and introduces a train of ideas too lofty to be attained by the power of human fancy.

But why, it is objected, bring such matters up among philosophic discussions? Why? we must avoid, then, all Catholic controversies; and, though assailed by the attacks of numberless enemies, we must remain hushed in eternal silence. Such was not the idea of the fathers of the primitive church: they left not a single charge, alleged by the Pagans, unanswered. They met with authority and logic the heretics who wished to break the bond of faith. Such is not the sentiment that Bossuet manifested, in his polemical works against Protestants. For ourselves, we entertain the conviction, that if discussions do not convert, they strengthen the faith of believers. After all, Mr. Combalot's book is less a controversial work than an expose of the dogmas of the church. It is not when the world asks, "What is truth?" that we should shrink from the task of showing its full light. It is not when modern sophists, mimicking those of ancient Greece, attempt to pity the folly of the cross, that we must blush at the gospel: for the gospel is God speaking to men. It is the preaching of Christ continued through the ministry, and by the authority of the CHURCH. C. G.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

CHARGE OF THE BISHOP OF OXFORD REVIEWED.

Never since its establishment, has the Church of England been so shaken to its centre. Linked, by act of parliament, with the very existence of the English constitution, rolling in unbounded affluence, it had almost fancied itself, in the pride of imaginary security, the *Catholic* church. But that which had hitherto been its support, now becomes the cause of its decay. Its high functionaries wielded too much power in the control of its immense revenues and extensive influence—it proved, in fact, the overgrown offspring of legislation. What were the consequences? Instead of advancing, the established church has long stood still—was now fast losing ground; its precepts and discipline, seldom enforced, were scarcely considered worthy of regard; its members fell into an apathy that was totally indifferent to its interests, and this, too, while the human intellect was making stupendous exertions to improve in every thing that can benefit mankind. When suddenly, at the very seat of its learning, there appears a cloud, small, indeed, at first, but steadily and rapidly advancing, till, gathering its mighty strength, it hurls its anathema against Protestantism itself. A reaction *must* take place. Dr. Pusey and his associates lead the van—they commence the arduous undertaking of again *reforming* the English church, or rather, of bringing her back to the good old days of ancient Catholicism; their productions appear in a series of papers, which they appropriately enough style, *Tracts for the Times*; they meet with a determined and malignant opposition; number after number appears, each leading a step further; they are accused of *heresy*—the crisis arrives, and the Bishop of Oxford, thinking perhaps, that the *Times* are not suited for the *Tracts*, in the very heart of enlightened England, silences the voice of the press.

And yet the principles which the

Tracts proclaimed, are not now for the first time heard; they are not new, far from it; they have long been cherished with a fond veneration, by the holy Catholic church, and handed down, from generation to generation, even to the present day. The doctrines of Oxford, such of them, at least, as differ from Protestantism, properly so called, are merely a recurrence to old principles; and if we consider the character of the men that have so boldly and fearlessly advanced them—their well-known reputation for ability and deep research, it affords us another and a conclusive proof of their divine truth. Such are the principles of Oxford—such their extraordinary rise and progress.

It was on the occasion of his visitation, after the suppression of the Tracts, that the Bishop of Oxford delivered the charge, which we presume to review.

Written in a spirit of calmness and studied moderation, with an appearance too, of impartiality, clothed in all the dignity of its author's office, it is well calculated to effect the object for which it was evidently intended. Pursuing that "middle course" which has always been the characteristic of the Church of England and of its divines, it studiously endeavors to reconcile opinions the most discordant, and while without condemning the principles of the Puseyites, it would guard against their *tendency*, it cautiously attempts to pacify and keep within its own bosom the Calvinistic expounders of its famous thirty-nine articles. This might appear unobjectionable, but the learned bishop, after all this show of candor and love of peace, openly disdains to mediate with "Rome" and shudders at the thought of peace and union with "her errors and superstitions." This it is that gives character at once to his sincerity and moderation, to his dignified mildness and charitable intentions.—We might well expect the worthy successor of John Knox to prate about "errors" and "superstitions," "insiduous" and "anti-Christian character of Rome;" his stupidity would excite a sense of compassion, or his wilful misrepresentations, supreme contempt; when, however, we hear the Bishop of Oxford retailing these exploded calumnies and falsehoods, we must impute it, we will not say to the man, but to the cause.

The first thing that strikes us in this able and curious document, is the caution with which the learned bishop proceeds; he seems to have an insuperable dread of attacking the matter in hand. Thus, in no less than six passages, in the very commencement of his charge, he fails not to warn us that he is not condemning the doctrines themselves; oh! no—he merely speaks of their *existence*, as an undeniable matter of fact, then of the manner of their growth, which he admits to be very extraordinary, but he hazards not the remark that they deserved the chilling reception they have met with, he only states an admitted fact! Then, too, he speaks in very high terms of the doctrines themselves, praises the qualities, which he virtually admits to be wanting in the established religion—but utterly condemns, as offensive to Christian charity, the harsh and degrading epithets that have been cast with no unsparing hand upon the able professors of Oxford. And here the eye is arrested by as singular a piece of inconsistency as even a Protestant divine was ever guilty of; for we have already seen that he forgets his scruples and hesitates not to employ terms equally malignant against the Church of Rome—truly his tender conscience is a great misfortune.

But to proceed. After all this preparation, conducted, it must be confessed, with adroit tact and deep policy, we are next presented with some remarks upon the nature, or rather, the *tendency* of the Oxford divinity.

Here we learn that the solicitude of the pastor was awakened, not from any apprehension for the teacher, but for the disciple.—Naturally enough, we presume, if the Tracts did contain any thing objectionable, but attracted no attention, and gained no followers, they would certainly prove harmless; hence the paternal care of the bishop was very justly alarmed. Here, too, we learn, that although the bishop cannot persuade himself that any but the plain meaning is the true interpretation of the articles of his church, still, if within certain limits, they may be *contorted* so as not to force persons of a Calvinistic bias to leave the church; so, on the other hand, they may be *stretched* so as not to force persons of an opposite bias *into communion with Rome.* In these few last words is contained the whole secret of the bishop's uneasiness. But we must not be too severe. Notwithstanding this comprehensive mode of interpretation, by which the articles may be made to mean, in his own language, *any thing or nothing*, the ninetieth tract seems principally to have transgressed, and this it was that proved the immediate cause of their discontinuance.

We, who are aware of the vain attempts of those, who have separated from the church, to conceal the wound of their schism, will be not a little amused at this *increasing sense of its guilt* which has been the happy result of the Tracts for the Times; but it undoubtedly bears too great a resemblance to the ingenuity of the thief, when hotly pursued, himself joining in the hue and cry to escape detection. If, however, this pious dread of the *guilt of schism,* be really sincere, we would suggest to those, who are influenced by it, that a little knowledge of history would materially contribute to their return to the faith of their forefathers.

We might offer many remarks and suggestions on almost every sentence, but this course would only increase the extent of this review, already lengthened beyond our intention.—The charge will doubtless be very generally read, and private reflection may easily supply whatever our space and time oblige us to omit.

The bishop evidently thinks the revival of obsolete practices, the use of vestments and manuals of private devotion, extracted from the breviary, savor too much of popery; hence we may naturally expect their condemnation; but the chief ground of his pastoral anxiety is the danger of depriving the *young* and ardent mind, of a thing so definite and tangible as the prayer-book.

Again, the bishop's sensibility is highly excited at the audacity of those who dare even attack the reformers; posterity, he thinks, are their debtors to an incalculable amount, although "the church did suffer in that great convulsion in some not unimportant respects; that there was much fearful crime, much iniquitous sacrilege, much done that had better been left undone." Pray what have they gained? We are not even informed. Immediately following, however, we have the whole cause of this surprising delicacy. Far from denying that the strictures on the reformation and the reformers, were just and merited, he only insists that they have "a direct tendency to produce that frame of mind, which under-estimates the intolerable evils and errors of the Romish system . . . . conceals its *guilt,*" adding, at the same time, that the *self-willed,* the *half-educated* are thus inclined to seek, in communion with the Catholic church, the unity which their own religion cannot give and the support of a guide which claims to be infallible. This paragraph deserves attention, for of all others it serves most fully to develop the true cause of all this anxiety, to disclose the secret spring of the late movement with regard to the Oxford Tracts.

We will not stop to offer any further comments on the danger which we find here again alluded to, in very strong terms, "of a secession from our ranks to those of Rome;" to us, it does not appear very astonishing; nor to mention the names of those highly respected and well-known individuals, whose defection has of late caused so much surprise on the one hand, and heartfelt joy on the other—especially as the few *sad* cases that have fallen under the very eyes of the bishop himself, have not changed his opinion with regard to the faithfulness of his reverend brethren. But we do not think these honored men, who so nobly sacrificed every thing for their honest convictions, ever belonged to the Calvinistic school; strong minds they may, and certainly do, possess; but we were inclined to infer, that it was only the *self-willed and half-educated*, who embraced "the errors of Rome."

Meantime, we must not be ungrateful, and we desire here to record the deep sense of gratitude, with which we appreciate the admission, however ill-intentioned, that our church has not altered one jot or tittle from her ancient character—this is our pride and our boast—our faith is unchanged—unchangeable. Were it otherwise, instead of representing our creed "not as it is, but as we wish it to be," what could be easier than to remodel it so as to suit even the fastidious bishop himself?

But we must bid this lengthy charge adieu. We commend its attentive perusal to every Catholic; in it he will find much for congratulation that his is the belief that knows no alteration; the same that the faithful have cherished in every age and clime more than life or earthly honor; its principles like those of truth and justice, are as immovable as the rock on which they are founded; other opinions have passed away; thrones and dynasties, once great and powerful, are now almost forgotten; yet amid all this wreck of perishable things, our faith, pure and holy, coming down to us with the grave and venerable sanctity that antiquity bestows, stands the monument of the divine wisdom of its Author—eternal—immutable. G.

THE INDIAN HALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF FATHER ROWLAND.

CHAPTER VII.

Dov' e, Signor, la tua grandezza antica
E l'animato di luce e l'aureo trono?
TOMMASI.

"My author stated in the seventh place," said Charles, "that it was foretold that Christ should work miracles. This we find in Isaiah:* 'Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing; for in the wilder-

* Chap. 35, verses 5, 6.

ness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert.' "

"How admirably has this prediction been accomplished in Jesus Christ!" exclaimed Elizabeth.

"Read the Evangelists, and Jesus is every where represented working the most extraordinary wonders, of his own power," continued Charles. "St. Matthew expressly states, that He went about all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom: and *healing all manner of sickness*, and *every infirmity* among the people...and they brought to him all sick people that were taken with divers diseases and torments, and such as were possessed by devils, and lunatics, and those that had the palsy, *and he healed them.** He cleansed the leper ;† healed the Centurion's servant ;‡ cured the woman troubled with an issue of blood ; raised to life the daughter of Jairus ;§ gave sight to the blind ;‖ called Lazarus from his grave, after having been three days dead ;¶ and performed innumerable other prodigies, related in different parts of the Gospels."

"We cannot refuse to believe these prodigies performed by Christ," remarked Elizabeth ; "but did he communicate the power of working miracles to his disciples ?"

"He certainly did," replied Charles, "and that, too, for an unlimited time."

"Will you please to cite the words of our Redeemer, Mr. Clermont ?"

Charles cheerfully acquiesced, and read the following passage :

"And going, he thus addressed them, 'Preach, saying, the kingdom of heaven is at hand. *Heal the sick, raise the dead, cleanse the lepers, cast out devils.*'** And we would remark, that since it is granted, on all hands, that the commission to preach was not limited to the Apostles, but was to continue for ever, in their successors, so no reasoning man can hesitate to admit that the power of working miracles is to continue, likewise, with their successors."

"Then, it is not true, that miracles have ceased," said Elizabeth.

"Not more so than the preaching of the Gospel has ceased," returned Charles.

"I wonder how men can presume to limit the power of God," said Paulina. "He who could work so many, and such unprecedented wonders through his Apostles, is equally able to work the same through other instruments, in every age."

"Not only able," added Charles, "but he promised to do so—and in every century, since the times of the Apostles, miracles have been wrought, which converted nations, and gave the sanction of the Omnipotent to the doctrines taught by the church. It is self-evident, as long as there are people to be converted, so long must the means of converting and convincing them be continued in the church, and the first are miracles."

"We may observe, however, Miss Preston," he added, "that while every Catholic is obliged to believe in the existence of the power of miracles in the church, we are not bound to admit any particular fact as miraculous, only as far as we may be induced, by a strict examination of the circumstances, witnesses, &c. &c. From which you see how false and groundless, then, is the assertion of Protestants and Unitarians, that the Catholic cannot exert his reason, or have recourse to criticism, but must blindly and slavishly submit to the decision of others. Moreover, the Catholic is not a Catholic, precisely because he is born such —but it is his duty to reason on the grounds why he believes in that church —he should investigate whether it was

* Chap. 4, verses 23, 24.
† Matthew, chap. 8, verse 3.
‡ Verse 13.
§ Matthew, chap. 9, verses 22, 25.
‖ Verses 29, 30.
¶ John, chap. 11.
** Matthew, chap. 10, verse 8.

established by Christ; whether it was so established, that it could never fail or err: of course, whether it be *infallible:* if he convinces himself of these important points, (and he cannot but do it if he examine the subject conscientiously,) then his reason will rest satisfied as to the particular doctrines taught by the Church; because, if the Church cannot err, then he is not uneasy about his condition, if he submit, with humility and simplicity, to her authority."

"I am glad that you have touched on this subject, Mr. Clermont," said Elizabeth; "a few hints of this kind, *en passant,* serve to throw considerable light on my mind, and to impart satisfaction to my conscience."

"Your future disquisitions, Elizabeth," said Paulina, "will lead you into all the details of faith—at present, you are confining yourself, in great measure, to the fundamental topic. But we must beware not to digress too far from our main question. Then tell us, Charles, what was the next prediction concerning Christ?"

"That he was to redeem mankind, and to die for their salvation. This great event was foretold by Isaiah, if I remember right. Yes, by Isaiah, and likewise by Daniel. I will read the passages. In the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, we read that he was to be despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.* Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows.† But he was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities."‡

"Alas! how little do we think of the sufferings of our Saviour," exclaimed Paulina. "You recollect, Charles, the lines of a pious poet:

"Who can believe what power to crime was given!
Lo, on the cross the holy one of Heaven,
His hands and feet transfixed; his limbs all o'er
Bruised and deformed, his head defiled with gore.
The hands of Adam in his guiltless blood,
And those of Pilate were alike imbrued."

"The words of Daniel," said Charles, "I quoted above, 'and after threescore and two weeks shall the Messiah be cut off,'§ &c."

"Does Daniel speak of his descent into hell, and his resurrection on the third day, Charles," asked Paulina.

"No, dear Paulina," he returned. "These two great events were foretold by the royal prophet, and prefigured by Jonas. 'Thou wilt not leave my soul in Hell,' cries out David in the name of the Messiah, 'nor wilt thou give thy holy one to see corruption.'‖ 'And Jonas was three days and three nights in the fish's belly.'"¶

"Our Saviour himself proposed Jonas as an example of himself, you remember, Elizabeth, when the incredulous people demanded a sign from Heaven," observed Paulina.

"His resurrection from the dead he foretold in the most explicit terms," said Charles. "I will destroy the temple, and in three days will rebuild it: and the evangelist remarks that he spoke of the temple of his body; and this fact should be sufficient to prove his divinity to his worst enemies, in the opinion of any reasoning mind. For it appears evident, that to rise from death, of his own power, was a greater exertion of omnipotence than to create the world; and that he did rise, no doubt can be entertained by any one styling himself Christian. Even the Unitarian admits that he arose. His frequent apparitions prove that fact beyond the possibility of a doubt; and I am singularly surprized that our good Unitarian friends, admitting this extraordinary fact, do not exclaim with Thomas—

* Verse 3.
† Verse 4.
‡ Verse 5.

§ Chapter 9, verse 26.
‖ Psalm 15, 10.
¶ Jonas, chap. 2, verse 1.

'My Lord and my God.' His resurrection was followed by his ascension into Heaven."

"By whom was that glorious triumph predicted, Mr. Clermont?" asked Elizabeth.

"By the Psalmist," he returned.—"'Thou hast ascended into Heaven,' sings the Royal Prophet, 'thou hast led captivity captive.'"*

"Nothing could be plainer," said Elizabeth.

"The Psalmist likewise declares that he has taken his seat at the right hand of God, does he not, Charles?" asked Paulina.

"In the most express terms. 'The Lord hath said unto my Lord, sit thou down *at my right hand.*'† It was from the right hand of his Father that he was to send the holy spirit. He made this promise, and by fulfilling it, accomplished the prophecy of Isaiah and of Joel, and conveyed to the Christian a positive idea of the Trinity. '*I* will ask the *Father*,' did he say, 'and He will send the *Holy Ghost* the comforter.' I say *positive*, for the three persons are distinctly marked, I, (the son)—the Father—and the Holy spirit. 'I will pour *my spirit* upon thy seed,' exclaims Isaiah, in his forty-fourth chapter. And Jonas: 'And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out *my spirit upon all flesh*,'‡ &c."

"Oh, that I may be worthy to receive that spirit!" sighed Elizabeth.

"You will be made worthy, my dear Elizabeth," exclaimed Paulina, taking her hands affectionately.

"My author stated, in the last place, added Charles, "that it was foretold that Christ is to judge the living and the dead. This prophecy was made by David: and it manifestly follows, that he must consequently be the Lord of the living and the dead—therefore is he divine—for, to judge mankind, he must be acquainted with all the secret thoughts, ideas, aspirations, desires of the human heart. A mere man cannot have this knowledge, and the act of pronouncing an *eternal* sentence, is an act of supreme dominion, which God alone possesses, and which could not be exercised, of right, by a creature. You remember the terms in which the Redeemer himself spoke to the High Priest of his last coming. 'Then shall you see the Son of Man coming with his angels in great glory, to judge the world.'"

"What an awful and terrific spectacle!" exclaimed Elizabeth.

"Inconceivably awful; for, in the language of Scripture, men shall wither away with dread and expectation of the things that are to come! Then shall he send forth his angels, and they shall separate the good from the bad, the sheep from the goats!"

"It chills the current of the blood to meditate on this subject," said Elizabeth; "to see friend eternally separated from friend—brother separated from——;" her voice failed, and tears burst in streams from her eyes.

"We have one reflection to console us, my dear Elizabeth," said Paulina; "it is, that God is infinitely just and wise—and that he will dispose of the good in such a manner, that they will not be affected by the destiny of the bad."

"On that solemn day," said Charles, "the virtues of the humble, obscure man, shall be rewarded, and the vices of the proud and splendid sinner be punished. From his lowly grave shall the pious peasant arise to glory, while, from the gorgeous mausoleum, the sinful potentate shall arise, to misery and eternal humiliation."

"O my God! grant us mercy, on that tremendous day," exclaimed Elizabeth, throwing her arms and her eyes to heaven.

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* Psalm 67, 19.
† Psalm 109, verse 1.
‡ Chap. 11, verse 2.

* Matth. 24, verse 30.

"Lord Roscommon has beautifully translated the *dies iræ:* and, when approaching to his last moment, he is said to have recited, with all the compunction and sincerity of a dying man, these two lines:

"My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my end."

"This fact convinces me that at the hour of death, man must be penetrated with fear and dread. During life, while the world is full of light and pleasure, the heart is easily drawn from its author; but, like the waters, which after flowing far away from their source, at length return to it, so the heart, after all its aberrations, when life is verging to its close, naturally seeks to return to its God."

Before concluding his observations with Elizabeth, Charles put into her hands the following essay, which had been written by one of his friends:—

'The Unitarian asks the question: How can God reveal to reason what is unintelligible to reason! Would not this seem to imply a strange absurdity.

'My answer is this: If God cannot do so, then you must, at once, deny the very possibility on the part of God, of communicating himself to men: you must adopt the impious paradox, that it is out of the power of God to make known to men any thing that has a relation to his divine nature, and to his ineffable perfections: for God is essentially infinite and incomprehensible, and, of course, essentially unintelligible, not only to human reason, but to all created understandings. Now, of the whole unhallowed host of ancient and modern infidels, there was scarcely any one that would dare to venture such lengths.

'Still our Unitarian friends are far from being converted, and appear to be determined not to believe mysteries, because they conceive it derogatory to the dignity of a rational being to believe what they cannot conceive.

'Is it then true, is it correct to assert, that the belief of mysteries is degrading to the dignity of a rational being? To any one under this impression, I would simply reply: You cannot believe what you cannot comprehend; then, believe nothing at all; nothing of what you see, nothing of what is within you; believe not your very existence; and, to complete your Unitarian creed, believe not the very existence of the God who made you, for of all this you understand nothing.

'I say, first, that you understand nothing of what you see; this world, which you inhabit, and of which you are a component part, is incessantly exposed to your view; it exists; you can no more doubt of its existence than of your own: still I maintain that you cannot comprehend how it exists—for, permit me to ask you, is it very intelligible to your reason, how the world, being not as yet in existence, and being as yet nothing both as to matter and to form, issued into existence, at the very first nod of its omnipotent Maker? Do you conceive how, in one instant, and by one act of his divine will, God made the heavens, the earth, the seas, with all that they contain? No, you have no idea of the creative power, and the infinite efficacy of the will of God. It is not given to a created understanding to conceive the necessary relation that exists between the eternal act, by which God decreed that the world should exist in time, and its actual existence: you cannot comprehend how, in virtue of these words, 'Let there be light,' the light was: and as you cannot conceive this, you must, of course, deny the very existence of the world, of the light, and other creatures. You conceive not how the world exists: let us see now if you have a better conception of the laws by which it is governed.

'The world, says the Scripture,*

* Ecclesiastes, chap. 3, verse 11.

which God made, as it were, in sport, is a problem which he has set up to men. This problem has never as yet been solved, nor will it ever be. Each philosopher took it into his head to build a world of his own, but all these worlds tumbled down like so many edifices erected on sand. Will you succeed better in withdrawing the sacred veil from the unsearchable conduct of God in the government of this universe? Alas! how should we be able to comprehend the world, weak mortals as we are, since the least and most insignificant of the objects that compose it, far exceeds our intelligence? Pray, what are those beams which enlighten us? What that air which we breathe? What the earth which supports us? These are so many mysteries, to you, to me, and to all mankind. Here is a drop of water, a grain of sand, a blade of grass: you see that I do not mean to embarrass you, and that I seize, as it were by chance, whatever falls under my hand: tell me, what is that drop of water, that grain of sand, that blade of grass? Make me comprehend, if you can, its intrinsic nature, and all its properties: enable me to say, I comprehend this drop of water, this grain of sand, this slender herb.—Would you have an age to work and to reflect upon these mighty objects? Would you have two ages? Would you have a thousand? Agreed—you shall have them, and still I defy you to succeed; and I bid the same defiance to the whole body of the philosophical school. It is then true, that you conceive nothing of what you behold with your eyes; what then will it be, if I force you to confess, that you do not conceive even yourself, nor any thing of what is within you?

'Are you prepared to inform me, how your body was framed in the womb of your mother? How your soul entered into your body? How these two beings, so disproportionate in their nature, so seemingly opposed to each other, could unite so closely as to constitute one and the same whole? What is your soul? Where is it? How does it subsist? By what sort of tie is it united to the body?—Is that tie spiritual, or corporeal; and, in either case, how can it affect either of the two substances? How can your soul command your hand or foot, which, being of their own nature, without sense or feeling, cannot understand its orders? How does your soul put in motion the nerves and muscles, which it knows not? How did your tongue, a mere lump of flesh, learn the astonishing art of beating the air to such advantage, as to form the most rapturous concerts, and to convey, by the distinct articulation of its sounds, your most secret thoughts to my mind? You possess the faculty of thinking: what is thought? At one time you feel pleasure, and at another pain. What is pleasure, what is pain? Your eye sees colors: why does your eye see? What are the colors which it sees? What do you know of all this? Why, no more than what the most stupid know; that is to say, nothing, nothing at all. And still you exist, and you never doubted of the existence of what surrounds you: therefore, not to comprehend, is not always a reason not to believe.—What! the world is a mystery to you: every creature that composes it, is a mystery to you: You are yourself a mystery to yourself, and you pretend to comprehend that supreme and eternal majesty that made the world, and that drew you out of nothing?

'Could you explain to me, how one and the same moisture of the earth, insipid as it is tasteless, and without any smell or color whatever, can bring forth such an infinite variety of plants, of herbs, of flowers and fruits, as various and different in their shape, size, colors, taste and smell, as the faces of men are from each other? Can you explain, how the same simple and apparently insignificant cause can pro-

duce such an enchanting and variegated scenery, as your garden or your verdant meadow exhibits? It is a mystery to you and to me, and yet neither of us doubts the fact.

'Lastly, have you sagacity enough to inform me by what magic art it happens, that by opening your eyes, the immense expanse of the skies is suddenly depicted, in most distinct and lively colors, in the retina of your eye, which is not larger than the head of a pin? To form that admirable miniature in your optic nerve, and to embrace, as it were, the immensity of the heavens in so imperceptible a space, it is necessary that, from every sensible point of the firmament, a ray should come to strike the retina: Well, is it very easy for you to conceive how such an infinity of rays, parting at once, from all the points of the heavens, can meet in so small a focus, without being thrown into confusion, and retrace in one instant in your eye, a landscape as distinct as delightful, of the majesty of the heavens? Reason can admire this wonder, but never comprehend it: still you believe it, and in doing so, you follow the very dictate of your reason —it is therefore reasonable, at times, to believe even what we cannot conceive.

'By this time, we might with reason expect to find our Unitarian friend more inclined to give up the principle under consideration, since he cannot but see to what strange straits it reduces him. But, as this principle is the pivot on which the whole system turns, he cannot prevail upon himself to relinquish it.

'If so, then, willing or unwilling, he must needs launch out into downright atheism, and say with the impious, *there is no God.** He shudders at the idea of denying that God, who made him: but still reason will force him to admit this horrid consequence, as long as he insists on the unhallowed principle: for, is there any thing more unintelligible, more incomprehensible, more above all created understanding, than God? Is not incomprehensibility the most prominent attribute not only of God himself, but also of all his works? Can the Unitarian comprehend a Being, that has neither beginning nor end, and that lives throughout all eternity? Can he conceive how, by the omnipotent act of his will, he can create myriads of worlds, and annihilate them with as much facility as he called them forth from nought? Can he conceive how a being can be, at once, infinitely free, and still be essentially immutable and unchangeable? How a being can be present in all places, whole and entire, and co-exist whole and entire, in every point of space, and yet be infinitely simple and essentially indivisible? If he could comprehend this, he would be God himself, because he would possess an infinite intellect: he, therefore, cannot comprehend God, and yet there is a God.'

* Psalm xxx. v. i.

CHAPTER VIII.

L'opra è si bella, che nel suo splendore
Tutto si perde il debil guardo mio:
Ne in ciel, ne in terra immaginator poss'io
Cosa piu degna d'immortale onore.

ERCOLANI.

To Elizabeth and her companions, the subject of religion had become deeply and soothingly interesting.—Charles Clermont was no fanatic. Elegant in his manners, and refined by the most polished education, his acquaintance was reputed an honor and an advantage, by the sages and patriots of the times. But he was devoted to religion—tender in his piety, an example to his friends, and an ornament to his family. It was not his custom to obtrude the most distant allusions to controversy, on any circle

or society: but when interrogated, he replied with urbanity, and when any of the tenets of the Catholic Church were misrepresented, he never failed to mark the misrepresentation, and explain the mistake. To the study of literature, he was passionately devoted; but he varied those pursuits, by mingling with them the study of religion. And, indeed, if man neglect the latter, of what real avail will be the former? Is it not vain? is it not empty? is it not evanescent? will not the torch of human science be extinguished by death? whereas, that of religion will burn brightly and steadily over the gloom of the sepulchre.

"We have seen the predictions of the prophets, Miss Preston," resumed Charles, "regarding the great and important events of the life, ministry, death, and resurrection of the Redeemer; and in reading the Evangelists, we discover how perfectly all have been accomplished. The task and pleasure of comparing those prophecies with the fulfilment, will demand and repay your private examination."

"I shall not fail to amuse and instruct myself by comparing them, dear Sir," replied Elizabeth.

"It should be the duty of every good Catholic," he continued, "frequently to read, and meditate on the life of Christ, as related by the Evangelists—"

"Then it is not true," interrupted Elizabeth, "that the Catholic Church forbids the reading of the Scriptures."

"My dear Elizabeth," said Paulina, "we are aware that we are accused of this by our adversaries; not only by the trivial romancer, but even by the gravest Protestant Divines. But be assured—we will tell you nothing but the strictest truth—be assured, that it is a groundless charge."

"Oh! how disingenuously men who should know better act in this particular!" exclaimed Elizabeth.

"Our tenets are shamefully disfigured, misrepresented—I might also say,—caricatured, by the ignorance, prejudice, and malevolence, of interested and misguided men," said Charles; "and though I am desirous to be as charitable and liberal as possible, really I cannot restrain my indignation, when I perceive, after all that is said and written to instruct the public, those men will still return to the old work of misrepresentation."

"Dear Mr. Clermont, I shall not forget your advice—I shall diligently peruse the sacred Scriptures, and ground myself, from them, in the principles of the holy religion which I am embracing."

"The more you read of them, Elizabeth, the brighter will the truth flash upon your mind," said Paulina.

"When we read them with docility and obedience to that church, which, during so many ages, was the sole depository of the holy volume," said Charles, "and whose solitary monks, in the calm retreat of their monasteries, spent their lives in transcribing it, for the use and blessing of posterity. Venerable men! they have deserved more of the world, for preserving the word of God, than the most grateful sentiments of the heart can express!"

"And yet, how have they been abused, Elizabeth;" remarked Paulina.

Many other observations on this subject were made, by Charles and the ladies, when Paulina, perceiving that the evening was rapidly declining, requested her brother to hasten the considerations, which, he had remarked, he desired to make before they returned to the Hall. The question had been proposed, whether the prophets had *positively* foretold, that Christ was to be DIVINE. Mr. Clermont replied, that there are passages in the prophetic books, which undoubtedly attribute to the Messiah the characters of a God. Thus, for instance, he quoted the Psalm: "Thou art my

Son, this day have I begotten thee ;"* " and lest," he observed, " any doubt should remain of the proper meaning of these words, St. Paul has cited them unequivocally, in confirmation of the Divinity of Christ."

" In what part of his writings does St. Paul cite the passage, Mr. Clermont ?" asked Elizabeth.

" In his epistle to the Hebrews, dear Miss, chapter first, verses 4, 5, and 6. ' For being made so much better than the angels, as he hath inherited a more excellent name than they. For, to which of the angels hath he said, at any time : *Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee ?*' and again, '*I will be to him a Father, and he shall be to me a Son ?*' and again, when he bringeth in the first-begotten, in the world, he saith : '*and let all the angels of God adore him.*' "

" If the angels *adored* him, he must have been God," said Elizabeth.

" Certainly he must," replied Charles ; " for though the word *adore* is frequently used in the Scripture, for merely *reverencing*, still, in this place, its signification is defined by other terms which could not be applied to any but to God—' His going forth is from the beginning !' exclaimed the prophet Micheas ; '*from the days of eternity :*'† That is, he whom the angels are to *adore*, is from *eternity*—of course he is God."

" The consequence is undeniable," said Paulina.

" In his thirty-fifth chapter," continued Charles, " Isaias distinctly states, in speaking of the Messiah, that GOD HIMSELF will come, and save us."‡

" But is it certain that he speaks of Christ, Mr. Clermont ?" asked Elizabeth.

" The context will prove that he does, beyond a doubt." He then read the whole of the chapter in question, which treats of the consolation, joy, security, and perpetual felicity of those who shall believe in Christ. " The same august and awful appellation is given to the Messiah, by the prophet Baruch," added he, " in the third chapter : ' This is OUR GOD,' he exclaims, ' and no other shall be reputed against him ?'* That he alludes to Christ, is manifest from the last verse of the same chapter : ' he hath been seen on earth, and hath conversed with men.' "

" These passages should, it seems to me, convince the most prejudiced Unitarian," observed Elizabeth.

" It is to be feared that he does not take the pains to examine them, Elizabeth," said Paulina, " otherwise—"

" The Unitarian," interrupted Charles, " dwells entirely on the texts of the Bible, which refer to his human nature, and, unable to *understand* how the human may be united with the divine, he would fain rest satisfied that he is a mere man. ' He comes into his own, and his own know him not.' If we look through the Scriptures, we shall find that, from the epithets and attributes applied to him by the inspired writers, he must be divine—he must be God, made man."

" If your author has collected those epithets, &c., Charles, we should thank you to read them," said Paulina.

" It would afford me much instruction and pleasure to hear them, Mr. Clermont," said Elizabeth.

" It would be too long to produce them all this evening, as the sun is now rapidly verging down the horizon," said Charles ;" some, however, are before me, which are as follows : He is styled,

" GOD, by Isaias, and by Baruch, as we have already seen.

IMMANUEL, that is, *God with us*, by Isaiah.† ' Therefore, the Lord him-

* Ps. 2, verse 7.
† Mich. chap. 5, verse 2.
‡ Verse 4.

* Verse 36.
† Chap. 7, verse 14.

self shall give you a sign: behold, a Virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name IMMANUEL.'

THE LORD OF DAVID, in the Psalms;* 'The Lord hath said unto *my Lord*, set thou down at my right hand!'

THE LORD OUR LAW-GIVER, OUR KING, OUR JUDGE, by Isaiah,† 'For the Lord is our Judge; the Lord is our law-giver; the Lord is our King; He will save us!'

THE CHRIST, by Daniel;† 'and after threescore and two weeks, *Christ* shall be cast off.'

THE SAVIOUR and DEFENDER, by Isaias;‡ 'and it shall be a sign and a witness unto the Lord of Hosts...for they shall cry unto the Lord, because of the oppressors, and he shall send them a SAVIOUR....and he shall deliver them.'

THE REDEEMER, by Isaias;§ 'And the *Redeemer* shall come to Zion, and unto them that turn from transgression, saith the Lord.'

THE PROPHET, in Deuteronomy;‖ 'The Lord thy God will raise up to thee a *prophet*, from the midst of thee, of thy brethren, like unto me; unto him ye shall hearken.'

THE HOLY OF HOLIES, by Daniel;¶ ******'To seal up vision and prophecy, and to anoint the Holy of Holies!'

THE DESIRED OF ALL NATIONS, by Aggæus;** 'And I will shake all nations, and *the desire of all nations* shall come, and I will fill his house with glory, saith the Lord of Hosts.'

THE EXPECTATION OF NATIONS, in Genesis;†† 'Unto him shall the gathering of the people be!'

THE MESSENGER, by Malachy;‡‡ 'Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me, and the Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant!'

THE LAMB, by Isaias;§§ 'He was oppressed and he was afflicted, and he opened not his mouth, he is brought as a *lamb* to the slaughter...'

THE STAR OF JACOB, in Numbers;‖‖ 'I shall see him, but not now; I shall behold him, but not nigh: there shall come a STAR OUT OF JACOB, &c.'

THE LIGHT OF NATIONS, by Isaiah;¶¶ 'The people that walked in darkness, have seen a great LIGHT; they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.'

THE LIGHT OF JERUSALEM, by the same;*** 'Arise, shine, Jerusalem, for the LIGHT is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.'

PRIEST FOREVER, by David;††† These are some of the titles applied in the ancient Testament, to our Saviour," said Charles; "many others might be adduced; but to an ingenuous and docile mind, like yours, Miss Elizabeth, these will appear more than sufficient."

"I wish I could deserve your compliments, Mr. Clermont," she replied, "yet I think I can conscientiously affirm that my intentions in giving you so much trouble, are sincere, and my object, that of arriving at truth."

"They could be no other, indeed, Elizabeth," said Paulina. "The world surely will not be able to accuse *you* of interested motives."

"I know not what the world may say, Paulina; it is, however, malicious enough to attribute my motives

* Chap. 33, verse 27.
† Chap. 9, verse 26.
‡ Chap. 19, verse 20.
§ Chap. 59, verse 20.
‖ Chap. 18, verse 15.
¶ Chap. 9, verse 24.
** Chap. 2, verse 8.
†† Chap. 49, verse 10.
‡‡ Chap. 3, verse 1.
§§ Chap. 53, verse 7.
‖‖ Chap. 24, verse 6.
¶¶ Chap. 9, verse 2.
*** Chap. 60, verse 1.
††† Chap. 109, verse 4.

to any thing but to disinterestedness and sincerity."

"Every one knows that you have nothing to expect from the change, Elizabeth, but the displeasure of your parents, and——"

"Oh!—the displeasure of my mamma—heaven grant that I may not experience it; but—" again she was not able to conclude her sentence—her heart was sensitive to an extreme—and she could not repress her emotions.

"God may, in his goodness, change the hearts of your dear mother and father, Elizabeth," said Paulina.

"Pray—pray that he will. Yet, I cannot forget the awful sentence of the Redeemer: 'He who loveth father and mother more than me, is not worthy of me.'"

"You are aware of the dreadful opposition Virginia Wolburn experienced from her relations," said Charles, "and see how she has triumphed by her perseverance and resolution.—However, it is by no means proper that you should declare your change openly. The time may come, when you will be able to do so with less of apprehension than now agitates you. In the mean time, your heart is before its God; he sees its convictions; he is satisfied with your sincerity—he will reward you for your piety."

The sun had now taken its farewell of the evening, and sunk, amid the glories of a vernal horizon, behind the mountains, leaving on the verge of the firmament a track of light, on which the eye can fix itself with a steady, rapturous gaze, and which, to the imaginative mind, seems like an avenue into heaven. Sun-set! oh the calm, the fresh, the magic hour! how soothing to the feeling heart, how congenial to the sympathetic soul! when the tinkling of the bells gives notice of the return of the sturdy cows, which, during the day, had wandered through the meadows, feeding on the luxuriant grass, or had reposed near the stream, ruminating, by the freshness of the waters—when the lowing of the herds echoes through the vales, and the birds sing their vesper-lay, bidding adieu to the light, and retire to their newly-built nests—when all creation is quiet and still, and all things invite the bosom to rest and repose itself, after the agitations and cares of the day.

O modest evening! oft let me appear
A wand'ring vot'ry in thy pensive train;
List'ning to every wildly—warbling note
That fills with farewell sweet, thy darkening plain!

Mr. Clermont prepared the horses, and, with the ladies, galloped off for the 'Indian Hall.'

THE DYING BOY.

BY J. H. BRIGHT.

It must be sweet, in childhood, to give back
The spirit to its Maker; ere the heart
Has grown familiar with the paths of sin,
And sown, to garner up its bitter fruits.
I knew a boy, whose infant feet had trod
Upon the blossoms of some seven springs,
And when the eighth came round, and called him out
To revel in its light, he turned away,
And sought his chamber, to lie down and die.
'Twas night; he summoned his accustomed friends.
And, in this wise, bestowed his last bequest.

CATULLUS.

CARMEN SÆCULARE* TO DIANA.

Diana let us sing,
Young maids and tender boys:
Young maids and tender boys,
Diana let us sing!

Great progeny of Jove,
Whom fair Latona bore
(Descended from above)
On Delia's olive shore.

Hail! empress of the mountains,
Of woods and forests green!
Hail! of the running fountains,
Goddess, protectress, queen!

Hail three-named maid! in night
Stern Proserpine proclaimed!
In heaven, called Luna bright,
On earth, Diana named.

Thou goddess marching round
Thy annual career,
Commandst the fruitful ground
Its golden crops to bear.

Whatever name thou bearest†
Bright goddess of the bow,
To thee may Rome be dearest
Of all the states below.

TO EGNATIUS, WHO ALWAYS AFFECTED TO SHOW HIS WHITE TEETH.

Because Egnatius bears two polished rows
Of ivory teeth, he smiles where'er he goes.

* The Sybil had prescribed, that every hundred years, an hymn should be sung to Apollo and Diana, for the preservation of Rome. It was sung by twenty-seven boys and as many females: *ter novem pueri*, &c. Hor. l. I. Od. 21. "Dianam teneræ dicite virgines, &c.

† She was called by a great many names; for she prayed to Jupiter for eternal virginity, and many names. Carm. Sæc. *Rite maturos*, &c.

If round the bar a crowd hangs weeping, while
The lawyer pleads, Egnatius must smile!
Or if the matron round the funeral pyre
Laments her offspring, or the offspring's sire,
Egnatius smiles; he smiles where'er he goes;
Whate'er he does, his ivory teeth he shows,
This is his custom, which with justice might
Be deemed inelegant and impolite.
I must advise him, then, although he come
From Tibur, from the Sabines, or from Rome,
From fat Etruria, or the Umbrian swine,*
Or o'er the Po (if I may mention mine)†
I cannot bear to see him always smile,
For naught looks more ridiculous or vile.

TO M. T. CICERO,‡ HE THANKS HIM FOR HIS SUCCESS IN A CAUSE WHICH HE GAINED.

Most learned of the sons of Rome,
That were, or are, or are to come!
Catullus' warmest thanks receive
Such as the least of bards can give:
So far of bards is he the least,
As those of patrons art the best.§

CATULLUS LEAVES BYTHINIA,‖ WHERE HE REMAINED DURING THE WINTER.

Laughing spring with flow'rets crown'd
Sheds her fragrant freshness round.
Equinoctial tumult dies,
While the peaceful zephyr sighs.
Leave, Catullus, leave in haste,
Leave this sullen Phrygian waste,
Leave the hot Nicæan plain,
Purer airs in Asia reign.¶

* The original is *porcus umber*, which means the Swinish Umbrian, so called on account of the lewdness and effeminacy of their morals. Many other writers give the Umbrians a similar epithet.

† *Trans-padanus* one from beyond the Po. Verona, the country of Catullus, lies over the Po .....

‡ This cause was pleaded for Catullus.

§ Cicero was called *amonum patronus*, which signified among the Romans, one who had acted like a father towards his clients, by directing, advising, and assisting them.

‖ Catullus went to Bythinia on account of his brother's death.

¶ He means in the cities Ephesus, Smyrna, Colophon, Miletes; whither he seems to have passed. Phrygia was unhealthy during summer.

Yes, my fancy longs to stray
From severer thoughts away.
Yes, my feet, too long confined,
Long to wander, like the mind.
Fare ye well, companions gay,
From your circles I must stray:
But, ere long, ye too, shall roam
Like Catullus, from your home.

TO LICINIUS CALVUS,* WITH WHOM HE SPENT THE DAY IN COMPOSING VERSES.

Licinius, idly yesterday,
We warbled many a little lay;
The honied verses flowed along,
While both united in the song,
And both, to temper every line,
Drenched the full goblet, bright with wine;
And then Licinius so inspired,
By thy facetious wit, and fired,
No food, the evening could I take,
And all the night I lay awake,
Quite restless on my bed of pain,
Expecting day to dawn again.
That full of wit, and full of glee
With my Licinius I might be.
And now whilst welcome morning shines,
To thee I write these jocund lines,
Which may, Licinius, reveal,
How lone, how sorrowful, I feel.
And be not hardened: with the morn
Forget not blithely to return;
Or if thou come not thou may'st fear
The wrath of Nemesis is near.†

TO CAMERIUS, HE JOCOSELY COMPLAINS THAT HE COULD NOT FIND HIM.

We pray you, in what lurking place
Camerius, do you hide your face?
We sought you on the Cœlian plain‡
And in the circus, but in vain.
We sought you on those sacred floors,
Where Rome her mighty Jove adores.§

* Calvus was a famous poet and celebrated orator, to whom Catullus seems to have been particularly attached.

† Nemesis, the daughter of Jupiter, and necessitas; she was particularly supposed to be the goddess of punishment; so, here, Catullus threatens his friend with her anger if he does not comply with his longing invitation.

‡ Ovid speaks of Campus Minor, or Cœlianus Campus. *Fast* 3.

§ The temple of Jupiter on the Capitol hill.

We sought you in that pleasant walk*
Where evening hours are spent in talk:
But oh! to seek you more, would be
More than Herculean work for me.
Tell us, where do you hide by night?
Tell us, commit the thing to light.
Be bold—do not refuse your friend:
For tho' old Pegasus should lend
His swiftness to my winged feet;
And tho' I were the guard of Crete,†
Or had I Persian Lada's speed,‡
Or were I Rhesus' snowy steed,§
Or were I of the feathered kind,
Or swifter than the wings of wind,
Yet, did I seek you more, my breast
And all my limbs would sink opprest.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HAPPINESS," ETC.

Forswear the bowl;
For one rash moment sends you to the shades,
Or shatters every hopeful scheme of life,
And gives to horror all your days to come. ARMSTRONG.

Take back the bowl—take back the bowl—
Reserve it for polluted lips;
I would not bow a stainless soul,
Beneath its dark and foul eclipse.

One evening last May, I left the walks of Franklin square, and wandered towards Fairmont, and continued a silent path that follows the graceful winding of the Schuylkill.

The pure air was stirred into a gentle breeze, that caressed the blossoms, and bore the sweetness of its breath on its wings. On the clear blue of the sky, there were a few white clouds, that seemed to be flocking to the crimsoning west, to catch a robe of glory from the declining sun. A beautiful coloring of yellow-green rested on the sighing trees that skirted their path and bathed their long arms in the coolness of the river, over the gently curling waters of which, the swallow was darting with rapidity, and the snow-winged barque was gliding with grace and beauty. The scene—the beauties of nature smiling in all their original purity and loveliness—was well fitted to unload my spirit of the cares and perplexities of the day, and raise it up to the communion of higher and better things—

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* The portico of Pompey. Ovid speaks of this portico: Tu modo Pompeia lentus spatiare sub umbra.

† The Custos Cretium or Cretensium was DÆDALUS the son of Micio. See Juv. *de Diis*, &c.

‡ Ladas was the footman of Alexander the Great: he ran so swiftly, it is said, that he did not even leave the print of his feet on the sand. Perseus, son of Jupiter and Danæ.

§ Rhesus was King of Thrace, much famed for the swiftness of his steeds.

to the blessed and redeeming contemplation of the Father of mercy and goodness.

Oh ! how the spirit mounteth up
At such a view and hour as this,
When earth takes back the bitter cup
That mingles poison with our bliss.

As I was wandering along, musing on nature's adjacent beauty, I saw, sitting beneath a shady tree, on the green grass by the river's brink, the form of an aged man. The playful air was sporting with the whiteness of his locks, that fell over his forehead, and at times, betrayed an haggard gaze. The features of his countenance bore the lingering traces of past sorrow, and the stamp of raging passion. His form, which was but badly clothed, was thin and wasted, and told of days of dissipation and nights of revelry and remorse.

I approached him, and we commenced conversation. His voice was broken and trembling; I called his attention to the surrounding scenery; he scarcely looked at it and in a melancholy tone, observed:

"There was a time when I could draw bliss and delight from nature—in the spring time of my existence—when the glow of innocence and youthful feelings were mine. When Hope, with her angel voice was singing to me of the brightness of the untrodden way of life.

"Hope, my young friend, is the great mainspring of virtue. It gives action to all animate existence. It is the bread which feeds ambition, the incentive to perseverance, the compeer to virtue, the shield to Christianity, and the only solace to death. If it is blighted, the pilgrimage of life is like a troubled sea—we float down its dark stream, like the lost mariner on the billowy track. Aided by its cheering beams, the immortal mind looks beyond time and anticipates the beauty of another and happier existence. The beauty of the rainbow vanishes in the storm, the meteor's flash is but a moment, the glittering gems will one day go out; the sun himself be extinguished, but the star of Hope shines beautiful forever. I have sickened of every thing. All things on earth were alike clothed in garments of gloom, and concealed in the draught of bitterness."

I gazed mutely upon him, and thought I observed the workings of bitter memory upon his mind. I requested him to give me a brief sketch of his life. He did not deny me, but said he would give the following outlines.

"The sunny days of my childhood were passed among the hills, and the green and lofty trees of a secluded spot, on the banks of that beautiful river, and grove—garlanded stream, called Neshamony. Ay ! till the riper years of manhood were mine, I continued to reside amid the beauties which clustered amid that stream. It became to me as a

'Well of living water.'

Its sight became interwoven with the bliss of my existence, and its surrounding groves and flowers were as friends.

"My parents died when I had attained my twentieth year. My father was sober and kind. He said but little, and that was 'warm from the fount of feeling.' My mother was a woman of acute sensibility. She seemed to love me with a warmth not of earth. She was happy because she was a pious Catholic. She was cheerful, because she was happy. She lavished on me every kindness in her power, and endeavored to nurture principles of goodness in manhood, which she had engrafted on my mind during the hours of its youth, especially when preparing to receive the Sacraments of Confirmation and the Eucharist.

"The death of both of my dearly beloved parents was a stroke from which I could not soon recover. By degrees, the buoyancy and warmth of my youthful spirit enabled it to rise

above the weight of grief and sorrow, which for a while had borne it down. And once, again, the sunshine of mirth and cheerfulness was resting on my heart. I mingled in company with the minions of pleasure. I left my dear Catholic companions, whose soberness was like the twilight of a summer evening—whose smile was like the gleams of the morning on the rose. By attending to my religious duties, I reared for me a structure of bliss, which rested secure, which defied the battering surges of misfortune, and had I persevered, would have shielded me from the rack of time and affliction. But sorrowful to relate, after a few pious years of unsullied bliss in their company had winged swiftly away, by frequenting bad society, that blessed foundation to my happiness was exchanged for one of a dark and sandy nature, and the structure fell.

"Never were I and my friends happier, than in the discharge of religious duties. Thus I continued five years. In that bright period I scarcely knew an hour that was shaded with gloom. Whenever my mind was troubled, my spiritual director imparted consolation. I found delight and pleasure in every thing. My eyes revelled on the beauty of the works of God, and my heart basked in the sunshine of happiness.

"But in the beginning of the sixth year, I mingled in the company of infidels, gradually forsook my friends, and neglected my pious practices. I was induced by my friends (for so they called themselves), occasionally to visit the grog shop, that dark nursery of vice. The visits became more and more frequent. The rest need hardly be told. The pains of memory —the stings of conscience are too great."

Here, the old man was lost in thought and tears. He could not speak. He leaned his head on his withered hands and wept. After a few more minutes, he exclaimed,

"I continued some time intemperate, I then became temperate, but soon relapsed into my former habits. I soon wasted away my property, and have since been

'Cast abandoned on the world's wide stage,
And doomed in scanty poverty to roam.'"

Reader! how many such pictures there are in the book of life! How many, by frequenting the company of the wicked, fall victims to a hopeless *intemperance!* It is it that is the greatest snare in the pathway of man. It is it that sacrifices at its unhallowed shrine the holiest and most heavenly attributes of our nature. It is it that spreads discord and pestilence over the land. It is it that invades the gardens of life, blasting the fair flowers of peace, virtue, and happiness forever. It is it that covers its victims with the shadows of the dungeon's gloom, or casts them, shelterless, on the

"Cold charities of the world."

SOIREES OF ST. PETERSBURGH.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE COUNT DE MAISTRE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

BOOK SIXTH CHAPTER I.

"I expressly yielded you the floor, my dear friend," said the Senator, "it is your privilege to commence."

"I do not resume it, because you are polite enough to accord it," replied the Count, "that would be a reason to refuse it; but merely that no void may be left in our entertainments. Permit me, therefore, to add some reflections to those which I presented yesterday, on so interesting a subject. It is precisely to war that I owe these ideas: but, that our dear Senator may not be alarmed, he may be assured that I have no wish to march upon his track. There is nothing so common as this language: *whether we pray or not, events have their course: men pray, and they are beaten, &c.* Now it seems to me essential to observe, that it is rigorously impossible to prove this proposition: *men have prayed in a just war, and that war has been unfortunate.* I pass over the legitimacy of war, which is an excessively equivocal question. I confine myself to prayer. How can you prove *that they have prayed?* It will not be said, that to this end it is merely necessary to ring the bells and open the churches. Nicole, a correct author of some good works, somewhere observes, *that the essence of prayer is desire.** That is not true; but what is certain . . . . ."

"With your permission my dear friend," interrupted the Senator, "the expression, *that is not true*, is rather strong. And with your permission again, I will inform you, that the same proposition is taken word for word, from the *Maxims of the Saints*, by Fenelon, who copied and consulted Nicole, very little, if I mistake not."

"Though both may have used it," continued the Count, "I would consider myself justifiable to think that both have been mistaken. I grant, however, that the first view favors this maxim, and that many ascetical writers, ancient as well as modern, have expressed themselves in this sense, without proposing to penetrate the question. But when we come to sound the human heart, and ask of it an exact account of its movements, we are strangely embarrassed; and Fenelon himself has felt it deeply: for, in more than one place in his spiritual works, he retracts, or restricts this general proposition. He affirms, without the least equivocation, *that we may force ourselves to love, force ourselves to desire, force ourselves to wish to love; that we may even pray without the efficient cause of this will; for the will depends upon us; but the sentiment does not;*† and a thousand other things of this kind. In a word, he expresses himself in

* Instructions sur la Decalogue, Tom. II. sect. 11., ch. 1. 11, art. III.

† Œuvres spirituelles de Fenelon.—Paris 1802, in 12mo, Tom. I. p. 94. IV. lettre au Pere Lami sur la priere, n. V. p. 497, 499, &c. &c.

one place, in a manner so energetic and original, that whoever has read the passage never can forget it. It is in one of his spiritual works where he says: *If God is not agreeable to you, tell him so; tell him that you prefer the vilest amusements to his presence, that you are never so well as when far from him.* Say to him: 'behold my misery and my ingratitude! Take my heart, because I know not how to give it to you; have pity on me, in spite of myself.'

"Do you find here, gentlemen, the maxim of desire and love indispensable from prayer? I have not at this moment, the precious book of Fenelon, within my reach; but you may very easily make the necessary verifications. For the rest, if he has exaggerated here or there, it is understood: and we speak of him only to exalt the triumph of his immortal obedience. With his hand extended to instruct men, he may have an equal; prostrated to condemn himself, he has none.

"But Nicole is another man, and I treat him with less ceremony: for that maxim which shocks me in his writings, belonged to the dangerous school of Port Royal, and to that fatal system which tends directly to discourage man and lead him insensibly to obduracy and despair, in waiting for grace and desire. Hence proceeds from those rebellious doctors every thing that displeases me, even what is good in them. *I mistrust the Greeks even in their presents.* What is desire? Is it, as has often been said, *the love of absent good?* But if it is thus, love, at least sensible love, not being at our disposal, man cannot pray before that love comes of itself; otherwise, it would be necessary that the desire should precede the desire, which appears to me a very difficult thing. And, how could man, in supposing that there is no true prayer without desire, how could man, I say, bring himself to demand what his nature often abhors, and what, nevertheless, his duty obliges him to? The proposition of Nicole seems to me to be annhilated by the commandment, *to love our enemies.*"

"It seems to me," remarked the Senator, "that Locke has decided the question, by asserting that, *it is in our power to raise our desires in a due proportion to the value of the good proposed.*"*

"Do not put confidence in Locke," returned the Count, "for he has understood nothing profoundly. *Desire*, which is not at all defined, *is but the movement of the soul towards an object which attracts it.* This movement in the moral world is a fact as certain and palpable as magnetism, and more general than universal gravitation in the physical world. But man being continually agitated by two contrary forces, the examination of this terrible law ought to be the beginning of the study of every man. Locke, for having neglected it, has written fifty pages on liberty, without even knowing what he was speaking about.—This law being established as an incontestable fact, remark well, that if an object did not act, by its own nature, on man, it does not depend upon us to cause desire to exist, because we cannot cause strength to exist in an object, which it has not; and if, on the contrary, this strength exists in the object, it does not depend upon us to destroy it, man having no power over the essence of exterior things, which are what they are without him, and independently of him. To what then, is the power of man reduced? To exert itself around him and upon him, to weaken, to destroy, or, on the contrary, to render free and victorious the action whose influence he feels. In the former case, the simple resource is to remove himself, as one would remove a piece of iron from

* Essay on the Human Und., B. II. § 21, 46.

the active sphere of a loadstone, if we would withdraw him from the action of that power. Man may thus expose himself voluntarily and by the means afforded, to a contrary attraction; or attach himself to something immovable; or place between himself and the object, some nature capable of intercepting the action, as glass refuses to transmit the electrical action; or, in fine, he may work upon himself, and render himself more or less subject to attraction, which, as you perceive, would be much more sure, and is certainly possible, but likewise very difficult. In the second case, he ought to act in a precisely opposite manner. He ought, according to his strength, approach the object, set aside or destroy all obstacles, and remember, above all, that, according to the narrations of all travellers, extreme cold can extinguish in the needle the *love of the pole*. Let man, therefore, keep himself *cool*.

"But in reasoning, even with the ideas, false or incorrect, of Locke, it will remain certain, that we *have the power to resist desire;* a power without which there is no liberty.* Now, if man can resist desire, and even act contrary to desire, as prayer is an act of the will like every other act, he can pray without desire, and even contrary to desire. *Desire* is not will, but only a passion of the will: but, as the action which operates on it is not invincible, it follows that to pray really we must will it, but not necessarily *desire* it; prayer being of its essence *but a movement of the will by the understanding*. What deceives us on this point, is, that we pray frequently for what we do not desire, and that the greater part of those holy men who have spoken of prayer from the time that man first knew how to pray, having almost extinguished in themselves the fatal law, did not experience any struggle between the will and the desire: nevertheless, two forces acting in the same sense, are not less essentially distinct. Admire here, how two men, equally enlightened perhaps, though very unequal in talents and merits, arrived at the same exaggeration, after starting from principles totally different. Nicole, seeing nothing but grace in lawful desire leaves nothing to the will, in order to give all to that grace, which was withdrawn from himself as a chastisement for the greatest crime he could commit against it,—that of attributing to it more than it wishes: and Fenelon, whom it had penetrated, took prayer for desire, because in his celestial heart, desire never had abandoned prayer."

"Do you believe that we may desire the desire?" asked the Senator.

"Ah! as you have proposed the great question," returned the Count, "Fenelon, who was certainly a *man of desire*, seems to incline in favor of the affirmative, if, as I think I have read in his works, we *may desire to love, force ourselves to desire*, and *force ourselves to wish to love*. If some metaphysician, worthy the name, should treat this question fundamentally, I would propose as an epigraph, this passage from the Psalms: *I have coveted to desire thy commandments*.† In waiting for this dissertation I persist in saying: *It is not true*. Or, if this decision should appear too harsh, I will consent to affirm, *it is not sufficiently true*. But what you will not in the least dispute, (and what I was on the point of saying, when you interrupted me), is, *that the foundation of prayer is faith*. And this truth you perceive even in the temporal order. Do you think a prince would be disposed to lavish his favors upon men who would doubt his sovereignty, or blaspheme his bounty? But, if there can be no *prayer* without faith,

* Ibid. chap. xxi. 5, 47.

† Concupivi desiderare justificationes tuas, Ps. cxviii. 20.

there can be no *efficacious prayer* without purity. You understand that I do not mean to give the rigorous meaning to the word *purity:* what, alas! would become of us, if the guilty could not pray? But you understand likewise, in following the same comparison, that to outrage a Prince would be rather a bad way of imploring his favors. The guilty man has properly no right but to pray for himself. I have never assisted at any of these holy ceremonies, destined to avert the scourges of heaven or to solicit its mercies, without asking myself, with real terror: *In the midst of these pompous canticles and august rites, among the crowds of men gathered together, how many are there, who by their faith and works, have the right to pray, and the grounded hope of praying efficaciously? How many are there who really pray? One thinks of his affairs, another of his pleasures: a third is taken up with the music; the less guilty, perhaps, is he who jogs on without knowing where he is. Again, I ask, how many are there who pray, and how many who deserve to be heard?*"

"For myself," said the Chevalier, jokingly, "I am quite sure that in those solemn meetings, there was one individual who certainly did not pray. It was you, my dear Count; for your whole attention was taken up with philosophical reflections, instead of prayer."

"I am doomed to shiver under your *gallicisms*," responded the Count: "what a prodigious talent for pleasantry! You are never free from it, even in the gravest discussions: but so you are—you Frenchmen!"

"Believe me, my dear Count," returned the Chevalier, "we are worth a great many others, when we have not the fever: and be assured, too, that our pleasantry is necessary in the world. Reason is little penetrating by nature, and does not easily make day-light for itself: we must very often be *armed*, thus to speak, with the redoubtable epigram. French wit pierces like a needle: what, for example, have you to reply to my *thrust of the needle?*"

"I am disposed for once to pardon your humor," rejoined the Count; "the more so, as I can turn it into an argument on the spot. If the fear of not praying well may prevent praying at all, what must we think of those who never pray—who hardly remember to have ever prayed—and who do not even believe in the efficacy of prayer? The more you examine the thing, the more you will be convinced that nothing is so difficult as to pour forth a good prayer."

"The necessary consequence of what you say is, that there is no composition more difficult than that of a written prayer, which is, and can only be, the faithful expression of interior prayer," remarked the Senator; "and to this sufficient attention is not paid."

"How then, Senator!—you have fallen upon one of the most essential points of true doctrine," rejoined the Count. "Nothing is truer than what you say; and though written prayer is but an image, from it we may judge of the original which is invisible.—The material monuments of prayer, such as men of all ages have left us, are no trifling treasure, even for philosophy: for we can establish on this basis three beautiful observations.

In the first place, all the nations of the world have prayed; but always in virtue of a true or supposed revelation—that is to say, in virtue of the ancient traditions. As soon as man relies on his reason alone, he ceases to pray: in which he has always confessed, without perceiving it, that, of himself, he knows not what he ought to ask for, nor how to pray, nor even precisely to whom to address himself.*

* Plato, having expressly avowed, in the most extraordinary page ever written by a human hand, that *man, when left to himself, knows not how to pray*, and hav-

In vain, then, does the Deist broach his beautiful theories of the existence and attributes of God. Without objecting to him (what, however, is incontestable) that he finds them only in his catechism, we will always have the right to say to him, with Joas: YOU DO NOT PRAY.*

My second observation is, that all religions are more or less fruitful in prayer. But the third, and incomparably the most important, is this:

CAUSE YOUR HEARTS TO BE ATTENTIVE, AND READ ALL THESE PRAYERS: YOU WILL SEE TRUE RELIGION AS YOU BEHOLD THE SUN."

"I have made the same observation a thousand times," said the Senator, "whilst assisting at our beautiful liturgy. Such prayers could not have been produced but by truth, and in the bosom of truth."

"This is certainly my conviction," insisted the Count; "God has spoken to all men in some way or another; but it is only the privileged who are permitted to say, *he has not treated all nations alike*:† for God alone, according to the admirable expression of the Apostle, can *create in the heart of man a spirit that can cry out*, FATHER,‡ and David had felt this when he exclaimed: *It is he who has put into my mouth a new Canticle, a hymn worthy of God.*§ Now, if this spirit is not in the heart of man, how can he pray? or how can his impotent pen write what is not dictated by him who holds it? Read the hymns of Santeuil, which have been rather thoughtlessly, perhaps, introduced into the church of Paris: they make a certain noise on the ear, but they *do not pray*, because *he was alone* when he composed them. The beauty of prayer has nothing in common with that of expression: for prayer is like the mysterious daughter of the great king: *all her beauty is from within.*‖ It is something for which there is no name, but which is perfectly understood, and talent cannot imitate.

But, as nothing is more difficult than *to pray*, it is the height of temerity to dare say that we have prayed, and that we have not been heard. I would speak in a particular manner of nations; for this is a principal object in these questions. To escape an evil, to obtain a national good, it is just, beyond doubt, that a nation should *pray*. But what is a nation? and what conditions are necessary in a nation's *prayer?* Are there, in any region, men who have a right to pray —and do they hold this right from their interior dispositions, or from their rank in the midst of that nation, or from both circumstances united? We know but little of the secrets of the spiritual world, and how can we know them, since no one cares about them? Without intending to plunge into the depths of this subject, I stop at the general proposition: *that it will never be possible to prove that a nation has* PRAYED *without being heard.* The exceptions will prove nothing, even though they could be verified; and all would disappear before the mere observation that *no man can know, even when he prays perfectly well, that he does not ask for something pernicious to himself or to the general order.*— Let us, then, pray without relaxing—

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ing even invoked *some celestial messenger to come down and teach men this great science*, it may well be said that he spoke in the name of all mankind.

* Athalie, 11, 7.

† Non fecit taliter omni nationi (Ps. cxlvii. 20.)

‡ Galat. iv. 6. Ps. xxxix. 4.

§ Omnis gloriæ filie regis ab intus (Ps. xliv. 14.)

‖ The mere act of praying perfects man, because it brings us in the presence of God. How many good actions does not such an exercise inspire! how many crimes does it not prevent! Experience teaches us. The wise man is not only pleased in prayer, but delighted.

pray with all our strength, and with all the dispositions that can render legitimate this great act of an intelligent being. Above all, let us never forget that all true prayer is efficacious in some way or other. All supplications made to a Sovereign are not favorably received—nor can they be; for all are not reasonable. Still all contain a profession of faith, recognizing the power, bounty, and justice of the Sovereign, who cannot but feel pleased to see them flowing in upon him from all parts of the empire—and as it is impossible to supplicate a prince without, at the same time, performing an act of a faithful subject, so is it impossible to pray to God without evincing submission, confidence, and love—in such a manner, that there is in prayer, considered only in itself, a purifying virtue, of which the effect is infinitely more available for ourselves, than for that which we too often ask for in our ignorance. Every legitimate prayer, even when it should not be heard, does not ascend the less to the Supernal regions, whence it falls back upon us, after having undergone certain preparations, like the beneficent dew, which prepares us for another country. But when we ask merely that *God's will be done*, that is to say, that all evil should disappear from the world, then only are we sure of not having prayed in vain. Blind and senseless as we are—instead of complaining of not being heard, let us rather tremble for having prayed not well, or for having prayed for evil.—The same power that commands us to pray, teaches us likewise how and with what dispositions we should pray. To violate the first command, is to reduce ourselves to the level of the brute, and even of the atheist: to violate the second, is to expose ourselves to the dreadful anathema *of seeing our prayer changed into crime*.*

Then let us not, by unwise fervor, dare
Prescribe to Heaven its favors and its gifts:
But, let us pray for equitable prudence,
And true and charitable piety.
Let us implore its friendship, and its grace:
And should we sometimes venture to fatigue
By other prayers, its merciful indulgence,
Let us store up enough of zeal and virtue
To make us worthy to be then refused!"†

* Fiat oratio eorum in crimen. (Ps. cviii. 7.)

† J. B. Rousseau, Epitre a Rollin, ii. 4.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

A MIDDLE PLACE.

BY A CONVERT.

The doctrine of purgatory may be fairly understood upon a patient examination of the following quotations from the Scriptures, without being biassed by that deep-rooted prejudice with which most Protestants are habitually brought up and nourished from their infancy, as the most effectual means of hating *every thing* that is nicknamed "Popery," because it is

held sacred by the Catholic Church, on the testimony of the most unquestionable authority of Scripture.

As "nothing defiled can enter the kingdom of Heaven," it is clearly evident, from certain Prophets and others, that such as are not doomed to eternal perdition, shall yet suffer "so as by fire." Let us then see what are the grounds upon which the doctrine of a middle state is chiefly founded:

Job, 14: 10, 11, 12, 13, 14.—"But man, when he shall be dead, and stripped, and consumed, I pray you where his is?"

Ibid, 19: 25, 26, 27.—"For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and in the last day I shall rise out of the earth; and I shall be clothed again with my skin, and in my flesh I shall see my God."

Psalm 15: 9, 10.—"Therefore my heart hath been glad, and my tongue hath rejoiced: moreover my flesh also shall rest in hope. Because thou wilt not leave my soul in hell (not of eternal destruction); nor wilt thou give thy holy one to see corruption."—(Christ, in the interval of his burial and resurrection, communicated to those who had already departed this life, but who died in grace, the glad tidings of hope, &c.)

Isaias, 61: 1.—"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because the Lord hath anointed me: he hath sent me to preach to the meek, to heal the contrite of heart, and to preach a release to the captives, and deliverance to them that are shut up."

Zacharias, 9: 11, 12.—"Thou also by the blood of thy testament, hast sent forth thy prisoners out of the pit, wherein is no water."

St. Matt., 5: 26.—"Amen, I say to thee, thou shalt not go out from thence, till thou pay the last farthing."

1 Cor., 3: 13, 14, 15.—"Every man's work shall be manifest: for the day of the Lord shall declare it, because it shall be revealed in fire; and the fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is. If any man's work abide, which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward. If any man's work burn, he shall suffer loss: but he himself shall be saved, yet so as by fire."

Apoc. 6: 9, 10, 11.—"And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held.—And they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and revenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth? And white robes were given to every one of them; and it was said to them they should rest for a little time, till their fellow servants, and their brethren, who are to be slain, even as they, should be filled up."

St. Luke, 18: 7.—"And will not God revenge his elect, who cry to him day and night? and will he have patience in their regard?"

St. Peter, 3: 19.—"In which also coming, he preached to those spirits that were in prison."

2 Machab. 12: 43, 44, 45, 46.—"And making a gathering, he sent twelve thousand drachmas of silver to Jerusalem, for sacrifice to be offered for the sins of the dead, thinking well and religiously concerning the resurrection; (for if he had not hoped that they that were slain should rise again, it would have seemed superfluous and vain to pray for the dead) and because he considered that they who had fallen asleep with godliness, had great grace laid up for them. It is therefore a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sin."

Therefore, if under the ancient regime, or in the days of the prophets, it was considered a holy and wholesome thought to devote a small portion of their time and their substance for the edification of their own souls, in behalf of the departed from this

life, there is no reason why *we* should not do likewise.

From the foregoing testimony, there is sufficient ground to believe the existence of a probationary state hereafter; and that from their cries from their prison wherein is no water, we are justified to infer that their state is either less or more painful, from which they most ardently desire to be relieved. To the deep sighs and mournful wailings of those whom death has snatched away from hence, and amongst whom some of the dearest objects of our affection may be numbered, the Catholic Church responds, in accents of humble supplication, to the throne of mercy and compassion, in their behalf. And these acts of Christian charity, Protestants treat with scorn and derision; because, they say, the doom of death is sealed either one way or the other, and the seal cannot be broken. In this manner, they set aside a dogma which is repugnant to their avowed system of reform.

We fully agree that God will have mercy on whom he will have mercy, without the works of sinners; but this does not do away with the intention of our prayer, as proceeding from the heart. The spirit of God is in this, as in all other instances, a faithful witness; and though the prayers of such unworthy beings as we are, may not alter the decision of the Supreme Judge, whose mercy is far above all human conception, yet we have the consolation to know that God is pleased at all times whenever he is invoked in the name of Jesus.

THE SACRAMENT OF PENANCE.

BY THE SAME.

Penance is also treated with great derision by Protestants. Confession to a priest, they say, is an absurdity. The power of forgiving sins is only with God: so do we also believe. But we do believe that God, in his mercy, has thought proper to exercise it in this manner. For this we have the authority of Scripture. Confession to a fellow-creature is, indeed, an act of humiliation; and so it ought to be; and this will make us *the more* cautious in our future conduct. And do we not equally know that a fellow-creature is the work of God, whom God has made a member of his Christ? To whom, then, do we humble ourselves, but to God in Christ, of whom the minister is the appointed agent. Therefore, such a confession cannot be made, except by the operation of the Holy Spirit. For it has its beginning, by repentance, through the powerful aid of the same spirit. Flesh, under the influence of human pride, is of itself too weak. Except sinful man is moved by that more powerful agent, whom we invoke to strengthen us in the way to repentance, our resolution to make our reluctant hearts freely yield up the hidden venom of our soul's malady, would surely fail. Man is not his own. True: if all of us were to turn Protestants, we might easily get rid of this popish practice. But while we "papists" choose to re-

main unreformed, we sincerely trust our Protestant brethren will, after this explanation, be a little more indulgent in our weakness, than they usually are.

Being in duty bound to love our neighbor as ourselves, all the harm we wish them that are now against us, is, that they might adopt our practice of confession; and, moreover, do away with that odious title which nourishes in its abstract meaning, the minds of its professors (though not intentionally), with ideas of perpetual hostility against the Catholic religion. But as to reform, it must be admitted that it is a wholesome thing, provided it is done in the proper way. Let every one of us examine himself, beginning at the right end, namely, at the heart, and then see how far a strict conformity with the spirit of Scripture, can be traced there; and whether we have, or have not, sinned against our own flesh, that is, against the persons of our neighbor (for we are all but one flesh, all being born of the same Father who is in heaven) by slighting or hurting him in any way so as to give pain. Would this not, do you think, redound one day upon the offender? Surely, no one will doubt, but the balance of right and wrong, is only suspended for a while, but not forever. We are, indeed, called, but not coerced to do the will of him who beckons imploringly and in the language of a tender parent, entreats us to fly to him on the wings of filial affection, on which terms, he will most graciously receive us. Considering then, that we are not called upon to judge our neighbor, but to build him up in virtue and justice, in kindness by brotherly love, in the love of God, to whom we are instructed to come by the way of the cross. For such is the basis of religion, on which we shall all meet together—ONE CHURCH, yea, the Church of Christ.

These are all popish ideas, some will say. But whether popish or not, they are the innate growth of a Christian heart, and will flourish, of themselves, though its blossoms may sometimes suffer from the blight of "the cunning craftiness of man." If it were that the Catholic religion could be extinguished in one night over all the world: such, however, is the force of truth, that at the next morning, it would again spring up in the midst of the Protestant world, with redoubled vigor. For though the tree be ever so much shaken by the violence of the tempests of heresy, the ramification of its roots is deep and widely spread; so much so, that no power whatsoever shall be able to prevail against it.—"Heaven and earth shall pass, but my word shall not pass," said the Lord.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

ESSAY ON THE DOCTRINE OF KANT.

BY THE VERY REV. FELIX VARELA, D. D.

The *invento-mania*, or inordinate desire of inventing, is one of the greatest evils in sciences as well as in religion, and much more dangerous than the rest of human illusions, because it takes the place of, and pretends to be identified with, the most noble passion and distinguished fea-

ture of human nature, nay, the just desire of improvement. The modern or rather the present time of ideology, presents to us a melancholy example of this truth in the system of the progress or *ecole du Progres* which has fascinated so many, principally in France; and not long before it, in the philosophical dream of Kant, which has dulled and plunged into a profound sleep, a great multitude of brilliant talents, and corrupted a vast number of generous and virtuous hearts.

Ideology, in our opinion, is the science least susceptible of inventions, and, very unfortunately, it is the very one on which men generally love to invent, because their monstrous productions are not subject to physical inspection and fair trial, but all are involved in abstractions and surrounded by a mysterious cloud of a certain phraseology that constitutes always the principal part of the invention. Kant, therefore, introduced into the scientific world, his TRANSCENDENTAL philosophy, and his PURE reason, with several other terms (and only terms) of a similar nature, no less ridiculous than the *scholastic* language of the 13th century. Were it not for the errors originated from his doctrine, it would be the best to take no notice of the fancies of the romantic philosopher; but experience proves to us the necessity of cautioning the lovers of truth against them. We shall consider the *Kantism* in an ideological and in a religious view.

Kantism ideologically considered.—At the very first step we must confess our embarrassment, and beg our readers to excuse us, should we not give a clear and correct idea of Kant's system, for we think that Kant never understood himself. Judging, however, from the explanations of his doctrines given by several authors, we may infer that according to this system, experience is not the source of truth, or its *criterion*, neither is to be found merely in the activity of the mind or in our reason, in whatsoever manner it may be put in operation.—Therefore, both reason and experience must be supported by *another principle;* and to this sublime principle we must *transcend* or elevate ourselves, in order to consider the *pure reason*, divested of images of senses, and of fictions of reasonings. This eminent principle is composed of some *spiritual forms* which are found in our soul, and become clear in consequence of the action of our senses or the power of our reason. But what are these forms? We doubt that Kant ever knew it, or that any of his disciples has ever understood it—on our part, we confess our ignorance. Should we ask the *Kantists* whether these forms or this principle must be considered as the *innate* ideas of Descartes, they will answer *no—by no means;* for this would deprive the system of its novelty, and the inventor of his fame. Is this principle in God?—they will deny it, for fear of making rather too sensible the tendency of their system to Pantheism; for surely that principle, whatever it is, must be in the soul; and if it be in God, the soul must also be in God, and God in the soul, or they must be the same substance, for the divine nature admits no other substance in itself. Is this principle something different from the soul, and united to it? How then? Is it a substance? It's knowledge must be acquired by the soul either by sensation, by reasoning, or at least the *intimate sense*, or conscience. But Kant would have it that senses, experience, reasonings, conscience, and every thing similar, are of no great value to ascertain truth; and consequently they cannot prove the existence of that mysterious principle, or pure reason.

Perhaps some of our readers may think that we miscontrue the doctrine of Kant by saying that he does not establish experience as the *criterion* of truth; but we beg them to observe

that although Kant openly says that all his system is grounded on *experience*, and this should be the guide as it is the origin of certitude, when we come to examine his doctrine, there is no doubt left that the experience, as used by Kant, is of a very different nature, and has a very different meaning. He divides it in *objective* and *subjective*, or rather he says that experience is composed of these two elements—the *objective*, which is in conformity with the object in nature, and the *subjective* in the intellect, which is the subject which receives or possesses this element. But these subjective elements are of no value unless in comparison with the objectives; and the objectives themselves cannot be realized by the senses, or by mere reasoning. Hence the experience is actually null, although often spoken of in Kant's writings, and all is left to the pure reason, which we may call the ideal, or rather the fiction.

Our dreaming philosopher does not consider the sensations, but the sensibility, which he distinguishes as if the latter were not merely an abstraction of the former, but as things of very different nature, although he could never point out the difference; and he teaches that we have no idea of the object in nature, but that we see all in our soul. Should this only mean that there is nothing in the bodies similar to our ideas, (for these are spiritual,) or that the nearest representations (if we can make use of the word) that the soul has of the objects, are the ideas, there will be no difficulty, for every philosopher would say and has said the same; but it appears that Kant teaches something different.—But what is that? He may know it, but we are sure he had not so clear idea of this subject as we have of his illusion. Consequently, he says that we can be sure of our sensation, but not of its object in nature, and that all is reduced to the *egoism* or knowledge we have of ourselves. Here is again the doctrine of Malebranche, and if Kant does not say any thing else, his system has no claim to be called an invention, or a new doctrine in ideology. However, to say something new, he presents a great error by admitting the *scepticism* as to the *pure reason*, but not as to the *practical reason*, by which we all know what is necessary to the end we aim at, which is our happiness. Consequently he says we admit the existence of God, and of a future life. The professor of philosophy in the college of the Propaganda, (whose text book accidentally came to our hands, and whose name we are ignorant of,) very properly says that Kantism can be defined *a transcendental idealism, and a real empyrism.*

Kantism Religiously Examined.—If the *pure reason*, which is the true guide and standard of truth according to Kant, leads us to scepticism, how can the *practical* reason, while regulated by the pure reason, be sure of any thing?—how can we properly believe, and properly reflect? The defenders of such a system, many of whom are very far from perceiving its tendency, should reflect that faith is a mere name, if there will be no certitude whatever in the correspondence of the objects with the ideas, or with those forms admitted or invented by Kant; and, moreover, the existence of our very soul, as a substance endowed with the power of perceiving different objects, cannot be demonstrated, if there be no evidence that the objects do exist—for such a knowledge of our soul would be, perhaps, a proof of the contrary, namely, of a deception. The senses, according to Kant, will not teach the soul: reason is also incapable—who, then, will teach our intellect, and convince us that our existence is not a mere fiction. Even the idea of fiction, which supposes that of reality, would never be acquired. Where is then the certainty of religion? what is the

use of the preaching, when the *practical reason* tells us that man preaches the truth the *pure reason* would answer. "It is not evident, even, whether there is any such a man preaching, and whether the objects he speaks about are or are not existent." Where is then, we ask once more, where is then the religion?

In 1764, Kant called the attention by a small but pernicious work, entitled, ONLY *possible foundation to demonstrate the existence of God.* This foundation was, according to Kant, the *intimate sense.* He therefore disregarded every other demonstration, and left the believing in God to a mere fancy of saying, "My conscience tells me that there is a God." Very soon, he himself perceived the scandal that such a work had produced, and that his name suffered a great deal in consequence of it; and as the author of the *Memoires pour l'Histoire Ecclesiastic du 18me. siecle* observes, in future writings Kant himself contradicted and destroyed that principal thought, pretending only to explain it, so that it can be considered as refuted by its own author. He then wrote the criticism of the *pure reason,* and *the religion confined to the limits of simple reason,* which called the attention of Germany, more for the propensity of that nation to abstract and *mind-torturing* systems, than for a real merit of the works, unless by merit will be understood labor, difficulty, incomprehensibility, and affected novelty. Very unfortunately, several Universities adopted the new doctrine, which consequently began to be the subject of the day in the scientifical world.

As to the doctrines themselves, or rather the applications made by Kant, in his extraordinary and visionary principles, it will be enough to transcribe his own words to refute them; for we hope that every impartial intellect will not but perceive their absurdity. "Morality," he says, "or an ideal of virtue recognized by the pure reason, is the foundation of the true religion, and itself alone constitutes the idea of a universal religion, *out of which* there is nothing but error, or at least superfluities" (down with revealed religion)! "There is in a man a bad principle, which makes him bad by his own nature, although he is essentially good. These two principles will battle one against the other, till the empire of God will be established on earth (hence it is not established, and there is no church); and then the victory will be decided between good and bad. The image of this empire is the church, which ought not to admit but a moral worship, without prayers, offerings, sacrifices, or ceremonies (this is beautiful indeed). There are three radical bases of human nature—*animality,* which is the source of the natural virtues and of the vices, of rudeness and brutality: *humanity,* which gives birth to social virtues, and to the vices that approach man to the infernal beings; and *personality* (totally incomprehensible), which manifests to reason and to the heart the voice of conscience and of the divinity." He also says that "the good principle of humanity is an *ideal thing:* that this ideal thing is, in relation to its origin, the only son of God (this is impious, as far as it is comprehensible): that he is the Word, relative to the world created by him: that whatever may be the nature of the founder of Christianity, he is come to produce by his life and his death the *reality* of that *ideal* which we are permitted to imitate: that all men are called to form a civil society, having God as Lawgiver: that the ideal of this society will be the visible church: that the believing in this *ideal* or invisible church, will be the *pure* faith of the *pure* religion of the pure reason. This faith will be divided into two; namely, the faith of the visible church, or ecclesiastical faith, deposited in a holy book; and the religious faith, inter-

preter of the former, and of its book —that the first is nothing but the introduction of the other among the people, and that when they will be identified, all men will enjoy on earth an endless happiness—that the pure reason takes no notice of history, facts, miracles, and proofs of revelation."

There is no necessity for any further proof of the absurdity and impiety of Kant's system, than the above conclusions, drawn by himself from his principles. He does away with religion, except the uncertain and insufficient one, which he hopes will be established, and which he thinks proper to call *moral religion*. But even this, in our opinion, is totally inconsistent with his doctrine, which brings all certitude to the *subjective elements*, as he calls them, that is, to those intellectual principles or forms, which he supposes to exist in our souls.—How to know them? Experience, according to Kant's doctrine, does not lead us into the knowledge of truth, but by the direction, or as we may call it, the action of those elements. They are independent of experience, and this cannot teach us any thing about them, but, on the contrary, experience itself is known to us by said elements. Hence, we cannot learn that *moral religion* from *experience* and observation of the nature of the objects, in order to grant to each of them, what it requires, but all our learning on this point must be *subjective*, that is, existing in the *subject* of the forms or notions that are in the soul. It is then in our soul that we must see as in the divinity of the principles of the *pure* and true religion which must be entirely *subjective*. This will lead us either to Pantheism and consequently to the destruction of every religion, or to a state of uncertainty which is also inconsistent with every religious system.

We hope that our readers will not expect us to dwell on the subject of Pantheism, for its deformity is so evident that no man of sense unless deluded by philosophical pride, will ever give in to it, and as to the tendency of Kant's doctrine to this error, should he say, that we observe all in our soul like in the divinity, it will be obvious by considering that this could not be but by an emanation, which is the same as Pantheism. Let us confine our observations to the uncertainty of *such moral* religion according to the very principles of his system. Being always afraid to misunderstand him, for as we have already observed, there are reasons to believe that he never understood himself, we shall transcribe the explanation of some of his doctrines from the excellent work of the learned Galluppi. "The transcendental philosophy," he says, "deprives the notion of the *absolute* of every *reality*. If the objective elements of our knowledge do not acquire any *objective value* but by the sintesi, by which are formed objects of the experience, how can there be, according to this philosophy, any *objective* value in the *absolute*, which does not enter into the sintesis of any sensible object? The elements which enter by sintesis in the formation of an object, can be separated by analysis; but if you prove to *analize* any sensible object, you will never obtain as a result, the absolute, which, therefore, remains according to that philosophy, as a *simple idea* of our reason, *without any reality*." (Gallup. Elementi di Filosofia, v. 2, p. 168.) Consequently, the moral religion grounded on this transcendental philosophy, would be a *simple idea* of our reason without any reality, that is to say, that it would be no religion whatever. The very foundation of religion, which is the existence of the *absolute*, viz: God, cannot be demonstrated but as a mere idea; how, then, can the religion itself, be otherwise demonstrated?—Therefore, Galluppi observes, that Kant admits the existence of God, but for some other reasons and motives.

Can it be a clearer proof that he himself granted that his *pure reason*—his transcendental philosophy—in a word, his abstract and extraordinary system, cannot afford us a demonstration of the very foundation of his imaginary religion?

Sciences have derived very little benefit from systems, and religion has always suffered by them. Every system brings a certain plan and invention, which are the fruits of human reason, very seldom grounded on true observation. Even when so, there is a great risk in the application of principles, and when the human mind is determined to find a *fanciful* uniformity, it necessarily falls into an abyss of abstractions, and an imaginary nature takes the place of the magnificent work of the Omnipotent Creator. Often is the case, that a system is contrived upon some isolated, though correct observations, and nature is called afterwards to support it; so that a man takes the place of the Creator, while he only pretends to explain his works, and to follow the dictates of that light of reason granted to him as a token of his great destiny. In religion, there cannot be any system, for the divine work is planned by the Almighty himself; a truth, not to be investigated, but received either from the evidences of nature, or from revelation, and nothing is left to man but to believe after evident facts and dogmas, and to meditate upon the correspondence and extent of the truths already known, which constitutes the profound study of religion. Systems are its enemies, and the history of heresies evidently bears out the assertion. While Kant was only dreaming, he was only a dreamer, treated so by every one who was not led astray by philosophical and religious prejudice, against the generally received doctrine of induction from sensations; but as soon as he begun to apply his dreams to religion, his doctrine became dangerous. He endeavored to find his *pure reason* in the revealed word, and being unable to accomplish his plan, he thought very little of that which opposed it, viz: revelation.—Hence took origin, the fanciful civil and moral religion, which he hoped will exist, at a period he could not anticipate.

There is no system so capable of producing and increasing fanaticism; and lest the reader may think that we are influenced by any particular motive, we shall give our reason for so judging. Fanaticism is a state of excitement of human intellect, which renders it incapable of perceiving the object but on one side, and leads him either to *overvalue* the things or the means to obtain them, and to defend them with an imprudent zeal, that is frequently found on religious subjects, and, therefore, the name is taken from the false inspiration, which the worshipper of Fan pretends to receive in his temple or *Fanum;* in consequence of which they used to come out in a state of derangement and even fury. Therefore those doctrines which are upon objects of importance and of an abstract nature, are more calculated to produce this excitement, because the exertions of the mind are directed precisely to concentrate our thoughts to one order of things, and compass, if we can make use of this word, the operations of our intellect. Hence all our desires and pleasures, are referred to such objects, and we find an aversion to any other contrary to them. Such is the cause of the great study of Kantism, undertaken and followed by men whose talents would have easily perceived the deformities of the monster they fed, were it not for the influence of fanaticism which entered their mind softly, and chained it most strongly. Philosophy was then brought to religion, not as subservient but as leader; and in a short time, the dogmas of divine revelation were converted into mere emanations, we may call them so, of

the principles and forms of Kantism. The necessity of discovering was sufficiently proved, by the mere pleasure of indulging an unobserved fanaticism, and those who actually disfigured and even destroyed the most sacred objects thought to do the greatest service to philosophy and to religion. The opposition of this system to materialism, gained in its favor the suffrage of many pious persons, who were afflicted at the awful sight of the immorality which naturally follows that horrible doctrine, and we have every reason to believe that many of the Kantists are such, more because they wish that doctrine to be true than because they perceive that it is true. Unfortunately, they did not observe but one side of the object, and therefore they earnestly and conscientiously embrace it as a heavenly gift, and as an inspiration to do away with materialism. But, ah! they ran after an appearance of truth, which they took for a deity, and were not less disappointed than the unfortunate who embraced the shadow instead of Juno.

HYMNS OF THE ROMAN BREVIARY,

(*Translated expressly for the Catholic Expositor.*)

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

HYMN FOR A VIRGIN AND MARTYR.*

Virginis proles, etc.

I.

Son of a Virgin, and thy mother's Lord,
Thou of a Virgin pure conceived and born,
We sing the triumph of thy Virgin's death—
The well-earned laurels which her name adorn.

II.

Hers is the two-fold palm—to have subdued,
With dauntless spirit, her condition frail,
And to have triumphed o'er the power wherewith
The tyrant dared her courage to assail.

III.

She recked not death, nor all the kindred pains
Of death, unnumbered—but deserved full well,
By generously pouring forth her blood,
In Heaven's immortal happiness to dwell.

* At Matins.

IV.

Grant by her prayers, most gracious God, that we
Remission of the punishment may gain—
Due for our sins;—that, with pure hearts, we may
Sing to thy name an acceptable strain.

V.

To God the Father, and his only Son,
And Holy Paraclete, likewise, to Thee—
One God—be equal power and glory given,
Alike through time and through eternity.

HYMN FOR NEITHER A VIRGIN NOR MARTYR.

Fortem virili pectore, etc.

I.

The matron, of a manly breast,
And noble fortitude possest;
With sanctity's most brilliant rays
Adorned—let us together praise.

II.

She, with a holy love inflamed,
Earth's love inordinate disclaimed:
Whilst on the Heavens she fixed her sight,
And sought those realms of bliss and light.

III.

Her flesh with fasting she subdued,
Blest meditation was her food:
Thus feasting on the sweets of prayer,
The joys of Heaven she tasted here.

IV.

O Christ, our King, through whom alone
Great deeds by mighty souls are done,
Most mercifully deign to hear
Through her, we beg, our humble prayer.

V.

To God the Father glory be,
And to his only son, and Thee,
O Holy Spirit—as has been,
And shall be, ever more—Amen.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

THE BEAL FIRE.

BY CHARLES JAMES CANNON.

Ay, a woman!
But know that in this woman's breast is lodged
A heart, proud man, as daring as thine own:
And though thou mayest despise its love, beware,
How thou awakest its hate!—ANON.

The history of civilized Europe affords but few parallels to the miseries inflicted on ill-fated Ireland in the disastrous year of 17—. But while three of her provinces were suffering all the horrors of a civil war, the fourth, Ulster, was in the eujoyment of comparative tranquillity. For this it was iudebted more, perhaps to the mixed state of its population—a large portion being of the favored class—than to the peaceful disposition of many of its most influential men, who only waited an opportunity to co-operate with their countrymen in arms; and of these not the least worthy of notice was Father Egan, the aged priest of ———.

This gentleman was the last of a once powerful family, whose adherence to the faith of their fathers had often brought upon them the vengeance of a government whose aim for centuries had been the extermination of all the *mere Irish*, the name given to the ancient possessors of the country. Under various pretexts, they had been stripped of all their possessions, and when, at an early age, their descendant found himself alone in the world, he was almost destitute of the means of subsistence. Having been educated for the priesthood, he was, soon after his admission to orders, sent a missionary to the American Colonies. While resident in them, the great work of American Independence was accomplished; and then sprung up in his heart a hope for that, which subsequently he laboured so untiringly to effect—the regeneration of his country.

Early ony morning in June, father Egan entered the humble dwelling of Norah Keenan, one of the many cabins on the coast, between the town of D——— and B——y F——d Point, and only distinguishable from the rest by the air of neatness worn by every thing around it. Norah Keenan was one of these persons of whom a great deal is said and but little known.—When she took possession of her present abode, some years before the time of which we write, she gave out that she was a widow, and the boy she had with her, then about ten years old, her her only child. That she had known sorrow, the settled gloom of her really fine countenance bore sufficient testimony, and to what that sorrow could be attributable, except the loss of her husband, not even the most sagacious pretended to hazard a conjecture. Of family or friends she never spoke; but it was evident that her real rank was above that which her present appearance would imply, and she certainly was not poor, for to all that needed was her bounty known, and on the education of her son she spared no expense.

"Peace be here!" said the father, as he entered.

"Peace never can come within my dwelling, father," said Norah rising,

for she had been in the attitude of devotion, "until the freedom of my country is restored."

"And that, with Heaven's blessing, soon may be."

"May we then hope?" asked she, with eagerness.

"That should we ever, daughter."

"Yes, yes," said she impatiently," I know all that—but have you any news?

"Yes, last night I received certain intelligence from our friends in the south, which confirms all that we have heard of the rapid progress the good work is there making, with assurance that the long-threatened blow will soon be struck which restores us to our rights."

"Thank heaven! But why is it delayed? Why is not the blow already struck that is to avenge us on our oppressors?"

"Still, of vengeance, daughter? I thought we were about to strike for *justice?*"

"And what will vengeance, deepest, direst vengeance! be but justice?"

"We have all sustained wrongs," said the old man, mildly, "and yours have not been the least,—which we must now try to redress. The advice of our friends is that we hold ourselves in readiness to co-operate with them as soon as we effectually can, which they think will be in a short time. As we have not yet chosen a leader, I intend for that purpose to convoke a meeting to-night. My choice, and I believe that of most, will rest on Heremon, for, though we have many older, there is not one among us of equal talents."

"Ay, he has talents if he knew how to apply them, but all the energies he seemed once to possess are paralyzed by the craven blood of his father that congeals round his heart. But no, I wrong him; the boy is no coward; he has only too much of that of which I have always had too little—*prudence*. He wishes well to our purpose, but does not approve the means we take to effect it."

"The end, I trust, will justify the means."

"It will—it *must!*" said Norah, determinately, "but he fears that it will not. We are about, he says, to inflict on our country a positive evil for the attainment of an uncertain good;—that with our slender means, it is hardly possible we should succeed, and, if we do not, irretrievable ruin must be the consequence of our enterprise,"

"We must abide the consequences," returned the father, "trusting in the power of HIM that giveth strength to the feeble. But I must away. You and Heremon will not fail to meet us to-night?"

"*I* will not," said Norah, and the father left her. She sat a considerable time after his departure seemingly lost in thought from which she was at length aroused by the entrance of another visiter—the young and beautiful daughter of Sir John Conway. As Norah rose to receive her with the Irish salutation of "*Cead mille a falta*," the young lady threw herself into her arms and burst into tears.

"Heaven bless the child," said Norah, in alarm, what can ail her! Your father?—mother?"

"Are well," sobbed she.

"And yourself, my love?"

"Am very well."

"Then what mean these tears?"

The young lady withdrew herself from the arms of Norah, and, after a pause of a few minutes to recover composure, she asked,

"Have you then not heard?"

"Heard what?—I have heard nothing."

"That"—and she seemed to struggle for utterance—"that they are going to marry me?"

"Indeed, my dear!" said Norah, smiling. "And what is there in

marriage so terrible as to cause all this emotion ?"

"It is not the thought of marriage so much as of him to whom they are going to give me," and she wept afresh.

"But who is he ?"

"An English lord—a great friend of my father—the Earl of Inver."

"The Earl of Inver !" Norah rather gasped than said.

"Yes. When last in England he paid me considerable attention, which I received as a matter of course ; but he, presuming on the preference I gave him to many younger men, that I did not wish to encourage, made proposals for me to my father, which were readily accepted ; and it was arranged that, as soon as the Earl could follow us here, we should be married, though a word was never said to me about it till last night. He is expected here to-day, and the wedding will take place immediately."

"The third wedding of the Earl of Inver !" said Norah, as if communing with herself. "Never ! By this," raising to her lips the small golden cross she wore in her bosom, "that wedding never shall take place !"

"Why, Norah," said the young lady, forgetting her sorrow in her surprise, "do you know him ?"

"Know him ? Know Edward Melville, Earl of Inver ? Yes, I do *know* him. Would to heaven I did not ! Listen to me, Aileen Conway, and judge whether or not I have had reason to know him, for she of whom I am about to speak was to me as a sister."

They seated themselves, and Norah related what follows.

"Phadrig Mulderg, commonly called Phadrig More, was, like too many of his countrymen of the present day, the impoverished descendant of a once respectably family. Being a Catholic, he could not hope for honorable distinction in his own country, so, following the example of many of his brethren in proscription, he went over to the continent, where he soon became one of the first of those which the barbarous policy of Britain drives from their native shore to fight the battles of her enemies. He there fell in love with, and married a lady of considerable rank, with whom he lived several years very happily. The only fruit of their marriage was a daughter.

"Pharig More loved the land of his fathers with an intensity which neither time nor absence could abate; and after the death of his wife, he returned to it with the hope of mingling his dust with theirs ; bringing with him the little Unah, on whom, 'till she attained the age of womanhood, he bestowed all the care that might be expected from the best of parents.

"Unah Mulderg was much famed for her beauty, but more for the spirit she had evinced on many occasions, to one of which she was indebted for all the miseries of her after life.

"One evening, as she was returning from the house of a friend, she was overtaken by two gentlemen. "That's a pretty girl," said one, and swearing by Him whom no mortal should lightly name, "I will have a kiss from her !"

The ruffian caught hold of her, and the next instant his mouth gushed blood. "You are rightly served," said his companion, "and, with the youug lady's permission, I will protect her from further insult." "I thank you, sir," returned Unah, "but the daughter of Phadrig More Mulderg can protect herself."

"Phadrig More !" exclaimed the stranger, "this is indeed a fortunate rencontre, for it gives me an opportunity of introducing myself to the dearest friend of my father." Unah could not then refuse his company home—and thus she became acquainted with Edward Melville.

"Phadrig More received with pleasure the young Englishman, with

whose father he had been acquainted on the continent; and for many a day he remained in the good man's house, a welcome and respected guest. Edward Melville was young, handsome and accomplished; and had withal, "a tongue could wheedle with the devil." It is little wonder then that he soon obtained a complete ascendency over the young and susceptible daughter of Phadrig More; or that, after much importunity, she consented to become his without the consent, and, indeed, without the knowledge of her father.

"Phadrig More was not one to withhold from his daughter the forgiveness and blessing she craved after her undutifulness; and thenfor a short time Unah was completely happy. But nothing is more true than the trite observation, 'that all sublunary bliss is transitory!' In the second month of their marriage Edward was summoned home; and though he promised to return as soon as he could reconcile his parents to the step he had taken, which he represented as a matter of little or no difficulty, and that his absence, at most, would be but for a few weeks, yet the grief of Unah was little short of agony.

"But weeks and months passed, and Edward did not return. He had at first written with every return of post, and his letters were such as might be expected from the fondest of husbands. Then they became less and less frequent; and at last ceased altogether. Unah, in whose mind the idea of her husband was connected with all that was great and good, harbored not the slightest suspicion of his fidelity; but, conceiving some misfortune to have befallen him, determined, by immediately repairing to England, to know the worst at once.

"It was evening when Unah, ill from anxiety, arrived at the stately abode of the Melvilles. With a throbbing heart she followed the servant to a richly furnished and splendidly lighted apartment, where, reclining on a sofa, she found the mistress of the mansion—the mother of her husband. Forgetful of all forms, she hurried towards her and asked eagerly for her son. 'My son,' said Mrs. Melville, regarding her visiter with a look of wonder, 'is well.'—'Thank God!' exclaimed Unah, and throwing herself on a seat, burst into an hysterical flood of tears.

"Mrs. Melville gazed on her in silence until she was sufficiently recovered to account for the strangeness of her conduct, which she did by simply informing her who she was.

"'The wife of my son!' said Mrs. Melville, coldly, 'I think, young lady, here is some mistake. Edward Melville, it is true, was lately married; but with his wife, the daughter and heiress of the late Lord Inver, I am well acquainted.'

"'Married! married!' said Unah, and her senses nearly failed her, 'Here *must*, indeed, be some mistake. Yet no, this is the place to which his letters were addressed. Tell me, madam, for heaven's sake tell me! did you never hear him speak of Unah Mulderg?'

"I certainly did hear him speak of such a person, for whom he had conceived a *penchant;* but—'

"'I am she, and I am his wife,' said Unah.

"'Pardon me, young lady, that can hardly be. I believe there was a kind of marriage ceremony performed by a Popish Priest, which every one knows is not binding between a Protestant and Papist.' At that instant Edward Melville entered the room with his new bride hanging fondly on his arm—the next, the abandoned Unah lay senseless at his feet.

"When restored to consciousness, she found herself in a neatly furnished apartment, attended by an aged, and respectable looking female. Her

first inquiry was for her husband. The old woman answered by giving her a letter, which she said had been left by the gentleman who had brought her there. It was from Edward, and contained, besides his reasons for what he had done, which are not worth repeating, a draught on a Dublin banker for a considerable amount.

"This last insult was all that was wanting to fill the cup of misery it was the fate of the wretched Unah to drain. The letter and draught were immediately returned; and she left the land of her betrayer to seek at home that peace which she, alas! was destined never more to find.

"It was late at night when Unah returned to the dwelling of her father. Dreadful forebodings had taken possession of her mind long before she reached it; and, to confirm them, the first sound she heard on entering was the dismal cry of the Irish over the dead. She rushed forward, and beheld her father's corse! She soon after retired to a convent in Spain, where it is supposed she still is, but for many years, it is said, lived with an unsettled mind.

"Of Edward Melville, for whom the title of Earl of Inver had been revived, I have but little more to say. With his fair young wife he was not permitted to know much happiness, except what he derived from the possession of her fortune. 'Till Unah's appearance in England, Lady Inver had been ignorant of her existence, and from the shock which that occasioned her she never recovered; but, 'till the day of her death, which happened a few years since, was subject to fits of the deepest melancholy, attributed by her friends to the loss of her only child, that was taken from her in its infancy."

After a few minutes conversation on matters of no importance to our history, Aileen Conway departed, with a strengthened resolution never to become the wife of Lord Inver. As she left the cabin she met Heremon, Norah's son. A bow and a blush were all they exchanged, but, as she passed, a slip of paper fell at his feet, on which was written "The eastern aisle—ten o'clock." However enigmatical these words may seem to our readers, they were perfectly understood by the youth, who, after devoutly kissing the paper, deposited it in his bosom.

"Ah, Heremon," said Norah, as the young man entered, "I have news for you. Certain advices have been received from our friends in the south, which will awake, I hope, the slumbering energies of the partisans of the good cause here. Ireland will soon become, what she has long deserved to be, the happy and the free!"

"Heaven grant it! but I fear—"

"*Fear!* fear well becomes the lover of his country!"

"At least prudence does."

"*Prudence!* How I hate that word; 'twas only made for cowards."

"I am none," returned the youth, while the flush of anger deepened the healthful glow of his cheek.

"That is true, Heremon, you are no coward," said his mother, "If I had thought you one, I should never have urged you to espouse the cause of our bleeding country;—that requires *soldiers*. But when I see one like you, who need but do his duty to merit the gratitude of mankind, willingly forego it, because forsooth the means to ensure it clash with his idea of *prudence*, it is no wonder that I become impatient with him who prostrates his spirit to that idol of the *Sassenaugh!* You know what your favorite author says, that "some are born to greatness, some achieve greatness, and others have greatness thrust upon them." You are one of the latter, but one who is too *prudent* to accept of greatness, even when *thrust* upon you."

"I do not understand you."

"Well then, I will be explicit. It is the wish of our friends that you become their leader."

"The leader of rebels!"

"Ay, if you please. Such was the immortal Washington called till he made sure of success, and then his title was, what yours may be, 'The Saviour of his Country!" But I have other news for you. We are going to lose Miss Conway."

"What," said he carelessly, "is she going to England again?"

"Yes, she is going to England, but not as Miss Conway, she is now going as the Right Honorable, the Countess of Inver."

"Who told you this?"

"Even Aileen Conway herself!"

"Oh, impossible! said Heremon, without seeming conscious of his mother's presence, "she surely will not falsify her promise?"

After a short pause, Norah thus continued, "Although, my son, you have so sedulously endeavored to hide from me the affection you cherish for Miss Conway, I have long seen it, and feared that it would terminate in the misery of one, or both of you, for I believe it is fully reciprocated by her. But you surely could never have entertained the hope that Sir John Conway, as proud as he is rich, would bestow the hand of his only child on a nameless peasant—and one, too, of a *proscribed caste?*"

"You have often told me, mother, that I am not the son of a peasant, and we certainly are not poor."

"*You are not the son of a peasant*, nor are we poor. But this Sir John does not know—and if he did, how would it benefit you? You know his prejudices, *and you are a Catholic*. But if you love Aileen Conway, as I think you do, you will not shrink from doing that by which you can alone obtain her."

"I would shrink from nothing—but dishonor."

"There is no dishonor attending it. Lend your aid to those who now need it, and when by your assistance the iniquitous laws are abrogated which divide the children of this unhappy Isle; when the Catholic, without degradation, may worship God as his fathers did, and when *in all* he shall enjoy the same privileges as his Protestant brother, then, and not till then, may you aspire to the hand of Aileen Conway." So saying, she rose and quitted the cabin, leaving Heremon to the company of his own reflections.

The ruined Abbey of St. Killian lay wrapped in the shadows of night, when, about half an hour before ten, Heremon repaired to its eastern aisle. This, the least ruinous part of the abbey, had been peopled by superstition with the forms of its departed inhabitants, and was held in such awe by the surrounding peasantry, that, for the wealth of the whole county, not one of them would have ventured within its precincts after the setting of the sun. For this reason it had been chosen by Heremon and Aileen for their place of meeting.

By any one who has spent half an hour waiting for a beloved object, it will readily be conceived how tediously the minutes must have passed to Heremon in that dreary aisle. Twenty times he hurried towards the entrance, thinking it was darkened by the form of Aileen; it was but a cloud passing over the moon. He held his breath to listen, fancying he heard the light fall of her fairy foot—it was but the beating of his anxious heart; or the whispered music of her voice—it was but the sigh of the night wind among the ruins, or the breaking of the waves on the rocks beneath. At length a form did darken the entrance—a light step was heard, and the next instant Aileen was clasped to the heart of her lover!

"Aileen, dearest Aileen!" said

Heremon, tenderly, "what means this agitation?"

"Alas! Heremon," she returned, mournfully, "should I not be agitated, when I think this is, perhaps, the last time we shall ever be permitted to meet?"

"Heaven forbid! Surely Aileen, you only say this to try me?"

"No, Heremon! I am now in no jesting humor. Did not your mother tell you?"

"She told what I was not willing to believe, that you are soon to become the wife of Lord Inver."

"It is but too true!"

"Aileen!" said her lover, releasing her.

"Do not, Heremon, cast me from you! I still am as truly, as devotedly yours as when our vows were first exchanged. But you know the obedience that I owe my parents."

"Cast you from me, Aileen?" said the impassioned youth, as he again folded her to his bosom, "for worlds I would not cast you from me! But is there no way of averting the fate that threatens you?"

"None—none that I know of!" said she, in a tone of the deepest despondency.

"Yet it shall be averted—if you but approve the means."

"Of any thing, so that my parents are secured from injury."

"Not a hair of their heads shall be endangered. When is the wedding to take place?"

"The Earl arrived to-day, and as he is obliged to return to Dublin immediately, on some government business, it is determined that it shall take place privately to-morrow evening.

"To-morrow evening! that is sooner than I expected," said Heremon, musing. "But no matter. To-morrow evening, then, I shall have arranged every thing for your deliverance, and when you see the *Beal Fire* lighted on the hill fronting your window, for 'tis St. John's Eve, you may know that it is at hand."

After some minutes passed in conversation, which, as it could only be interesting to themselves, we will not repeat, the lovers separated; she to return to the dwelling of her father, and he to join those who were impatiently waiting for him.

He descended from the Abbey to the beach, along which he walked for near a quarter of a mile, but so closely under the rocks as not to run the slightest risk of being seen by any person above; then turning into one of the creeks that indent the coast, he soon came to what might appear, to one unacquainted with the mysteries of the place, the fissure of a rock. This he entered with some difficulty, and immediately the place became large enough to permit him to walk upright with perfect ease. After groping his way a few minutes in primeval darkness, he found himself at the seeming termination of his subterranean ramble; but by a signal from him, the obstruction gave way, and he was admitted to the place of rendezvous, one of the vaults of the ruined abbey, the existence of which was only known to the initiated, where he found his mother, Father Egan, a few gentlemen and a motley assemblage of peasantry, who received him with every demonstration of pleasure.

At the upper end of the vault, were three seats raised considerably above the rest. The middle one was occupied by father Egan, the one on his right, by the mother of Heremon—and that on his left, by an old man, whose musical and poetic talents were held in high estimation by many of his countrymen. As soon as Heremon was seated, the old man rose, and, after a short prelude on his harp, sang, to a beautiful and expressive air, the following words:

"O where's the harp that breathed the soul of gladness!
And where is she that did its sweetness wake?
Whose welcome warm would clear the brow of sadness;
Whose smile the coldest heart would captive take?

"In a deserted fane that harp is sleeping,
Or wakened by the passing breeze alone;
And by its desecrated altar weeping
She sits, o'er buried hopes and glories gone!

"The wild flower wreath that bound her brow is faded,
And 'mong her loosened locks the night wind sighs;
Her splendor by the veil of grief is shaded,
And on her breast a withered shamrock lies!

"Yet now her wonted fire is she revealing,
Though sorrow long to crush her spirit strove;
And the few sad notes from her wild harp stealing
Are sweet as those that breathed of joy and love.

"Her night is passing;---now her day breaks o'er her;---
And He, on whom she has not called in vain,
Will, 'mong the proudest, to her rank restore her,
When she'll to gladness wake her harp again!"

When the applause subsided which this song, rude as it may seem to the reader of taste, had elicited, father Egan rose. "Yes, my friends," said he, "the long night of slavery is past, and the bright day of liberty dawns upon us. The cries of our long-suffering country have ascended to the throne of our fathers' God, and He, to whom she has not cried in vain, will avenge her on her oppressors! He will restore her broken altars, and gather again, under his own protecting care, the scattered remnant of his once-numerous flock. He has willed that Ireland shall once more be free; but, as he always works by human means, she can only become so by the bravery, the constancy and the unity of her sons. — Their bravery has never been doubted; their constancy in suffering has been severely tested; but, alas! their want of unity has become proverbial! Irishmen have ever been the deadliest foes of Irishmen! This stain on our national character we have now an opportunity to wipe off. Let us, then, forget that religious distinctions have ever existed among us; let us, as children of the same family, join in driving from our shores those who have come amongst us with the avowed purpose of dividing to conquer; and, by cheerfully co-operating with those who are ready to hazard all for their country's salvation, prove to the world that *Irishmen can be united!*"

The next that rose was the mother of Heremon—and in no one could her injured country have found a more powerful advocate. Her appearance was sufficient to excite an interest in the beholder, and no one could listen five minutes to her impassioned eloquence without imbibing a portion of her enthusiasm. She began by apologizing for attempting to speak in the councils of men, which could only be excused by her devotion to her country; then she sketched rapidly the history of that country until the introduction of the Penal Code; painted in vivid colors the miseries of its infliction, on which she dwelt with the bitterness of one who had borne her portion of them—and by her allusions to the family history of each one present, awoke a feeling of revenge in the bosom of all. To one she spoke of the bravery of an ancestor, who died in defence of the liberties of his country; to another of the attachment of one of his to the ancient faith, for which he suffered

martyrdom. One she reminded of the poverty to which his father had been reduced by the shameful apostacy of a younger brother, whose defection had been dignified with the name of conversion; another of the voluntary exile his father had endured—who was obliged to seek in foreign lands that honor denied to him at home—and concluded by giving the history of a well known and highly respected female, who had been divorced from her husband for the heinous crime of having been joined to him by a Catholic Priest!

A few more speeches from some of the elder members of the assembly, and the business for which they had met was entered into, and Heremon unanimously chosen leader.

The next day was one of unusual bustle in the lordly mansion of Sir John Conway—for, though the wedding of the Earl of Inver and the heiress of Castle Conway was to be a private one, the preparations making for it would have been sufficient had half the gentry of the county been invited. But the busiest day must have a close, and evening at length succeeded one of great excitement to the inmates of the castle—but also one of real misery to her, in honor of whom all preparations had been making.

Aileen was seated in her own room, which she had not left since the night before. The moment was fast approaching in which she was to meet Lord Inver at the altar, yet no sign appeared of her deliverance. An hundred fires gleamed in different parts of the country, yet the hill, on which was to be lighted her beacon of hope, was still clothed in darkness deep as the gloom of her despair. When her bridesmaids entered, they found her in an agony of tears, which all their efforts were unable to allay. Twice she arose to leave the apartment, when, overpowered by her feelings, she sank again into her seat. As she rose the third time, she cast a despairing look towards the hill—when, to her infinite delight, she saw a bright flame ascend from it, even among the heavy clouds that still hung over it. With a light step she then descended to those who awaited her below, and proceeded to the chapel with as joyous a heart as if Lord Inver had been the husband of her choice.

The bridal party stood in the ancient chapel of the Conways; the marriage ceremony was begun, and as the minister concluded the sentence—beginning with, "If any can &c." he was answered by a voice that awoke the long sleeping echoes of the place. "I can." Every eye was turned in search of the speaker, and, to the surprise of most, it was discovered to be son of Norah, who stood with folded arms in the centre of the middle aisle, while behind him were grouped a number of men disguised and armed.

"What means this intrusion, sirrah?" said Sir John furiously.

"'Tis to save you, Sir John, from unavailing regret, and your daughter from misery," said the youth firmly, but modestly.

"Indeed!" said Sir John, sneeringly, "and how, I pray?"

"By declaring that the Earl of Inver is already a married man."

"Insolent defamer!" exclaimed Sir John, drawing his sword.

"Hold, Sir John," said the Earl, laying his hand on the arm of the Baronet, "you surely would not stain your sword with the blood of yon crazed wretch! Pray, young, man, by what means have you become acquainted with that which 'till this moment I was a stranger to?"

"No matter, my Lord, by what means I have become acquainted with that of which you now pretend such ignorance; but she, who while living, could alone be your wife in the sight of God, still lives! Your conscience, my Lord, will tell you that I can only mean *Unah Mulderg!*"

Heremon had confided to a few

young men his intention of putting a stop to the intended wedding—or, if what he had to say failed to do it, to carry off the bride; but even in this small number was one base enough to betray him, so that the Earl was prepared for his reception. But he was not prepared to hear the name of her he had so basely deserted. A dreadful change passed over his countenance, and the glare of his eyes was truly terrific. He stood one minute, as if denied the power of utterance, and the next he shouted, "Seize the rebel!" A body of armed men rushed in, and a scene of indescribable confusion ensued! Heremon and his little band were soon overpowered, and dragged to prison—but his design was accomplished; for Aileen, who had fainted on seeing her lover seized, remained so long insensible that the wedding was necessarily defered.

Early next morning Lord Inver departed for the capital, from which he returned in time to witness the trial—and, it need hardly be added, the condemnation of Heremon and his associates. They were found guilty of treason, on the evidence of their betrayer, and sentenced to death by hanging. Heremon urged nothing in extenuation of what he had done, but pleaded earnestly for his young friends, who were guilty of nothing, he asserted, but having been prevailed on by him to join in attempting to put a stop to an iniquitous marriage. But in vain. It was proved that they were all members of an unlawful assembly—they had been found armed, contrary to law, and consequently must all suffer alike. Two days were given them to prepare for their fate—and even this was looked upon as an unwonted favor!

The fatal morning came. At an early hour the town of D——— was crowded with persons of every age and degree, drawn together by that powerful feeling, compounded of horror and curiosity. Sir John Conway had command of the troops it was thought necessary to bring in to keep the people in awe, while Lord Inver and some gentlemen of the county occupied a room immediately fronting the scene of execution. As the victims ascended the scaffold, a woman of commanding figure, dressed in mourning and closely veiled, entered the room. "It is the mother of Heremon Keenan!" whispered some commiseratingly. "It is the mother of the young rebel?" said others exultingly.

"I come, Lord Inver," said she, "to ask of you the lives of those young men." He stared. "Answer me, my Lord, will you, or will you not, save them?"

"I cannot."

"Can you not save as well as destroy? As you value your happiness in this world and in the world to come, I call upon you to save from death those whose lives you have so unjustly endangered!" He moved from her.

"Nay, my Lord, think not thus to escape me!" She tore off her veil. "Now, Edward Melville, is the hour of triumph mine!"

"Unah Mulderg!" he exclaimed with a shudder.

"Unah Mulderg! And, as sure as I am Unah Mulderg, he on yonder scaffold—the reputed Heremon Keenan—is your long lost Henry—the son of her for whom I was forsaken?"

"Save him! save him!" shrieked Lord Inver, as he rushed frantically from the house. The crowd of spectators gave way at his approach. He reached the foot of the gallows at the moment that a fair form was borne lifeless away.

It was too late!

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MISS ANNA GREY.

BY JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

Bring lilies upon which the diamond dew
Of last night's moonlight lingers pure and bright;
Bring cypress which those lilies can shine thro'
Like silver stars thro' the encircling night.
For thus entwin'd together, they will be
Emblems of death embracing purity.

I want them to escutcheon a fresh grave,
Where a young stranger, beautiful as morn,
Far from her native island of the wave—
Far from the bosom's home where she was born—
Far from the parent hearts which gladly leap
With hope of meetiug—lies in dreamless sleep.

Hold! "yet a little while," ere we consign
The emblem to its delegated tale,
Let Fancy, spurning blast and ocean brine,
Seek Erin's isle: enchanter-like unveil
The past, and see her mid her native rills,
Glad as "the wild gazelle on Judah's hills."

The rose is bright upon her cheeks,
The star light's in her eyes;
And not more gladly morning breaks
Thro' summer's crimson skies,
Than ring those music words away
From the sweet lips of Anna Grey.

A brother seeks to see her face
Within his distant home,
And once his sister's form embrace
Beyond the Atlantic foam—
Her parents yield and she departs
The love-link between distant hearts.

There lies along Columbia's coast
A reef-bound flowery shore,
On which the gallant ship was lost,
Which all her future bore;
And bar'd to sufferings night and day,
Consumption seiz'd its early pray.

One month before a sister fair
Died in her native home,
Whose spirit seem's t' have wandered there,
And bade her sister come,
And join her in that home above,
Where meet the pure in endless love.

Lilies and cypress by a sister twin'd
And o'er her slumbers by a brother laid,
Your leaves will answer to the requiem wind,
And like the sleeper ye will purely fade,
Cull'd from life's tree, to ornament the tomb
Of one, like you, fallen in her stainless bloom.

ORATION ON THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS OF MARYLAND,

DELIVERED AT MT. ST. MARY'S SEMINARY, Md.

BY REV. J. MC'CAFFREY, PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE OF EMMETSBURG.

[We directed the attention of our readers in the last number of the Expositor, to the splendid Oration of Mr. Read: we have the agreeable task of presenting, in this number, another of a high character—especially in elegance of language and classical finish—pronounced by our old friend, the President of the College of Emmitsburg. A grand spectacle, at the foot of that blue rugged mountain, where the cottage cheers the desert, and makes it bloom, to behold an assemblage of ecclesiastics, students, and people of every estate, clustering together to join in the acclaim with which the 10th of May was greeted and hailed throughout the length and breadth of Maryland. The chorus of heart strains of jubilee arose on the banks of St. Mary's river, and swelled and lengthened and lost itself in that which pealed among the crags of St. Mary's Mount!

The Reverend Orator has introduced into the body of his discourse, a very succinct and satisfactory synopsis of the Charter drawn up and promulgated, by Cecilius Calvert:]

"The charter, unlike any patent, which had hitherto passed the great seal of England, was most liberal in all its provisions. No one, who reads it, can ever question the profound sagacity and far-seeing wisdom, the benevolence and magnanimity of its author. It was such an instrument, as none but a favorite could have obtained from any of the absolute and arbitrary monarchs, who sat upon the throne of England since the apostacy of Henry the Eighth. It rendered Maryland less dependent on the King and Parliament than any other colony. It made the Monarch's sanction unnecessary to the appointments or legislation of the province, and left him without even a right to take cognizance of what transpired within its limits. It foresaw and guarded against the odious and oppressive claim of the mother country to tax America, and gave to Maryland, more favored in this than any of her sister colonies, an explicit covenanted right to exemption from such a stretch of parliamentary jurisdiction as the tea-tax and Stamp-act, which caused the revolution. It invested the Lord Proprietary with few powers beyond those, which even at this day we regard as essential to the executive branch of a free government, and it especially declared, that his authority should not extend to "the life, member, freehold, goods or chattles" of any colonist. It provided for a representative system, as soon as the body of freemen should become too numerous for all to meet in council; and it secured to the people an independent share in the legislation of the province, by requiring that the laws made for their government should be

enacted "of and with the advice, assent and approbation of the freemen," or a majority of them or of their deputies. The world then saw a great example and a glorious spectacle—the founder and chief of a State spontaneously divesting himself of every power, which could be readily abused and placing in the hands of the people such effectual control, as would necessarily make him in a great degree dependent on their will. Surely this is not least of the titles of George and Cecilius Calvert to the admiration of mankind, that in framing a government according to their pleasure for a province, in which they and their descendants were to exercise the supreme executive authority, they kept steadily in view, above all other interests, the rights and happiness of the people; they voluntarily renounced every attribute of arbitrary power and omitted none of the safeguards of popular liberty.

"'The conditions of Plantation'" published by the first proprietary, or, in other words, the terms, on which he offered lands to emigrants, denote the same practical good sense and wise generosity. He steered clear of all the rocks, on which similar undertakings had been wrecked, and in his whole course of policy avoided even the less fatal errors, which impeded the growth or diminished the prosperity and happiness of every colony before and after him. He permitted and even invited all British subjects, without distinction of religion to settle in his province; and the very first emigration, conducted at his own expense, under the direction of his brother, comprised at least a few, who were not Catholics. But it is not true, as has been hastily and carelessly asserted, that the charter itself secured to all liege people of the English King, without distinction of sect or party, free leave to transport themselves to Maryland. The ninth article, which has been supposed to justify the assertion, merely gives to British subjects, as its own provisions clearly import, the license of expatriating themselves, notwithstanding the statutes to the contrary. This error has already found a place in the elegant and interesting history of Bancroft; and past experience teaches us, that unless the proper mark be stamped upon it now, it will infallibly be pressed into the service of bigotry, for the purpose of dimming the glory which can never be totally darkened, of the unvarying liberality of the Catholic proprietaries and settlers of the province."

After describing the generous and persevering character of the "First Pilgrims" who sailed from the Isle of Wight on the feast of Saint Cecilia, in November (22d) A. D. 1633, accompanied by Father White, "a man of transcendent talents," and profound learning, he thus portrays them in their new home, in Maryland. The eulogy he makes of the Jesuits is not exaggerated—but, on the contrary, true and well deserved:

"The first settlers of Maryland, as all historians inform us, were persons of a superior class to most of the other colonists. They were evidently men of more enlarged and liberal views, of kinder and more christian feelings. They brought to the new world the grace of polished manners, the refined courtesies and the warm yet elegant hospitality of the best European society. Unlike the peaceful fathers of Pennsylvania, they did not expose their benevolent policy to ridicule by singular fancies and odd peculiarities. They did not abase the majesty and weaken the moral force of law, by turning its penalties against harmless customs or incurable follies. Unlike the Puritans, they did not make the State subservient to the Church, and exhibit their piety by blind submission to their preachers,—their faith by incessant wranglings about the purest form of

doctrine and discipline. Unlike the New England colonists generally,—they never weakly imagined, that modern society was to be fashioned according to the details of the Mosaic legislation. They did not confide the government to those, who were longest and loudest in praying, and whom the ministers selected for their gifts of godliness to be the props of Zion, 'the pillars of the house of wisdom.' Had Father White or Father Altham addressed the legislators of the infant colony in the usual manner of the Puritan ministers, concluding with the significant words of Moses to the judges: 'The cause, which is too hard for you, bring it to me, and I will hear it,'—they certainly would have concluded, that the good Jesuit had lost his wits and with them all the meekness and humility of a christian pastor. They differed from New England too in this,—that they never provoked the Indians to war and then enacted those frightful tragedies, which chill the blood and sicken the heart, when we read the history of the Eastern colonies. They have no claims to the glory of surpassing the savages in ferocity and thirst of blood. They burnt no villages: they never strewed a battle field with the bones of an entire nation.* They had not even enough of Puritanical religion to believe old women witches and to hang them for it.—But the government of the province passed to soon into the hands of a very different class of persons, for the good seed committed to the ground to grow up to maturity and yield its promised fruit. We see the thriving plant: we admire its soft green foliage and its beautiful blossoms: the air is perfumed with the fragrance of its flowers; but the frosts of bigotry shall blast these vernal hopes.—The first colonists of Maryland were too far in advance of the other colonies and of those, with whom they generously shared their privileges, to be allowed to work out peaceably and happily their admirable experiment. They were on 'the ways of pleasantness' and 'all their paths, were paths of peace,' and all the auspices were bright and beautiful. Religion was there—the old, unchanged religion of their fathers;—ruling with gentle sway the mind and heart, enslaving neither;—star-like, revolving in its proper orbit and shedding alike on civilized and savage its sweet benignant rays. Education was there, and there it was destined to flourish; for the Jesuits wern there, its best promoters. One fact, which cannot be denied, speaks trumpet-tongued on this subject. The first printing press ever worked in any British colony was established at St. Mary's. The "Pilgrims of Maryland" were the first within the limits of these United States to employ that powerful engine for the diffusion of knowledge. That they knew how to maintain their rights as freemen and to advance the cause of liberty is also proved by the stand, which they took, at the outset of their history, against their beloved proprietary. They esteemed his noble character; they were grateful for his kindness and gave him substantial proofs of thankfulness; but when he sent them a code of laws, requesting their consideration and adoption, they rejected them at once, in order to establish, beyond dispute, forever, the right of the freemen of Maryland to originate their own laws for their own government.

"The Jesuit Fathers had come to Maryland, not only to do good among their countrymen, but more expressly to carry the Gospel to the heathen. Our historians who are inaccurate on several points in the early history of the colony, are profoundly silent about the labors of these missionaries, and some writers boldly assert, that no efforts were made to convert the savages. Yet existing records show, that,

* Bancroft, vol. 1. chap. 9.

until the unhappy revolution, which trampled down the power of the Catholics, and banished the priests and religious liberty with them, they prosecuted their great object with ardor and success. They found in these wild children of the forest the dispositions, which they deemed most desirable. They describe them as exceedingly generous, kind-hearted and grateful; models of sobriety and charity; never acting from sudden impulse; but grave, deliberate and inflexibly firm. In Canada or in Japan, in the Moluccas, in China, or in Paraguay; wherever, in a word, heathens were to be converted, the Jesuits approacned the semicivilized or savage man with perfect confidence, though they were often rewarded with the crown of martyrdom. In Maryland, as elsewhere, fearing nothing they hastened to the Indian settlement: they followed the warrior in his hunting expedition: they launched the light skiff on the bosom of streams before unknown; they pitched their tent in the shade of some giant oak on a natural floor of green inlaid with flowers, or slept sweetly, after reciting matins and lauds, under the starry canopy of Heaven. Hardships and privations of every kind they had to endure; but when did a Jesuit missionary shrink from hardships and privations? To acquire the barbarous language, to instruct the untutored savage, to win his affections, to raise his grovelling mind to the height of Christian faith, and bow down his stubborn will to obedience to the Christian law—required consummate address, unquenchable zeal, and patience inexhaustible; but when were such qualities wanting in these heroic heralds of the cross? Death itself might stare them in the face—death from cold, from hunger, from neglected sickness,—death by the tomahawk and scalping knife, or by the red hot iron and burning faggot; 'But when,' says the Protestant Bancroft, 'did a Jesuit missionary seek to save his own life at what he believed to be the risk of a soul?' In the history of this heroic order, cases occur of an entire band of missionaries cut off by the cruel ferocity of the savages. Did not such massacres quench the enthusiasm of their associates? 'I answer,' says the same historian, 'that the Jesuits never receded one foot; but as in a brave army, new troops press forward to fill the places of the fallen, there were never wanting heroism and enterprize in behalf of the cross.' I have digressed for a moment; but could I say less of that society, which has kept the lamp of faith burning in Maryland ever since the landing of the pilgrims, which has conferred so many benefits on mankind, and been so well calumniated for it."

[But the glorious prospects of the Catholic Pilgrims were destined to be overcast by the clouds of persecution, which the jealousy and religious prejudices of the Protestant power contrived to gather and spread around them. The charter of Calvert was set aside, and the penal laws were forced into the Colony, in its stead. We will let the Reverend orator speak:]

"In the overthrow of Maryland's religious freedom, the pillars of her civil liberty were also shaken. 'Her charter was exalted above all others by its commercial privileges and exemptions." The English Parliament never viewed with a favorable eye the immunities of the colonies: but the Lord Proprietary had, in a long-continued struggle with both King and Parliament, contended manfully and not unsuccessfully for the integrity of his charter and the freedom of his province. The men, who overturned his government in 1689 in their perfect hatred of every thing of Roman Catholic origin, yielded to England's tyranny the whole point at issue, accused him as of a crime, of

his defence of their commercial privileges, and firmly rivetted the restrictive system on the colony. In the course of their legislation 'to prevent the growth of Popery within the province,' they fully admitted what the charter had carefully guarded against, what their Catholic predecessors had ever denied, and what, in 1776, the thirteen united colonies repudiated and repelled by an appeal to arms and the God of battles,—the supreme legislative power of parliament over the internal government of the province.* Thus for a time the rights of Maryland were placed at the mercy of a King and his servile parliament. The colony, once so erect and noble in her bearing, crouched at the feet of the English Lion. It was bigotry, the hand-maid of oppression, that brought her down to this humiliating attitude: but it was not natural to her; nor could her free elastic spirit long continue to bend in ignoble subjection. The acknowledgement of the supremacy of parliament in the act of 1718, was a solitary admission, never repeated, as it was unprecedented. But liberty of conscience had perished. By civil conflicts, by blood-shed, by the bigot's ordinary weapons,—slander and treachery; amid scenes of violence, rapacity and general distress, the Catholics were robbed of their right to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience in that colony which they in their day of power had made an asylum for conscience,—a refuge for the persecuted of every Christian denomination. It was a base return for their magnanimous liberality. It must have aggravated their sense of wrong to know, that their own generosity had warmed into life, and nerved the power which aimed the ungrateful blow.

"So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart.
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel—
He nursed the pinion, which impelled the steel."

Let history extend the charity of her silence to those who opened the gate of this Western paradise to the demon of persecution.—We feel no resentment towards the man who burned the temple of Ephesian Diana, that he might hand down his detested name to posterity. We would throw a veil over the memory of those, who darkened the soil of Maryland with the melancholy ruins of that beautiful temple, which the Catholic Pilgrims had reared to civil and religious liberty.

* Vide Note 13, chap. 3, page 245, of M'Mahon's Maryland.

Beautiful, yes! but the blush will fade,
The light grow dim which the blue eyes wear;
The gloss will vanish from curl and braid,
And the sunbeam die in the waving hair.
Turn from the mirror, and strive to win
Treasures of loveliness still to last;
Gather earth's glory and bloom within,
That the soul may be bright when youth is past.

SACRED LYRICS.

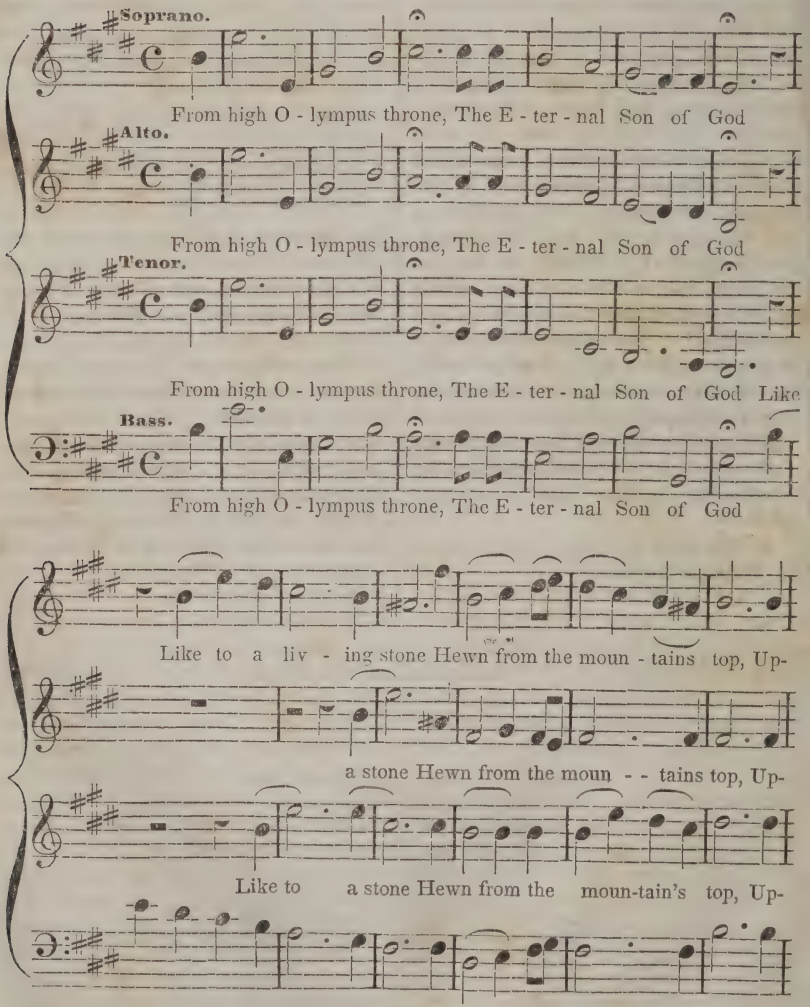
NO. V. FOR THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

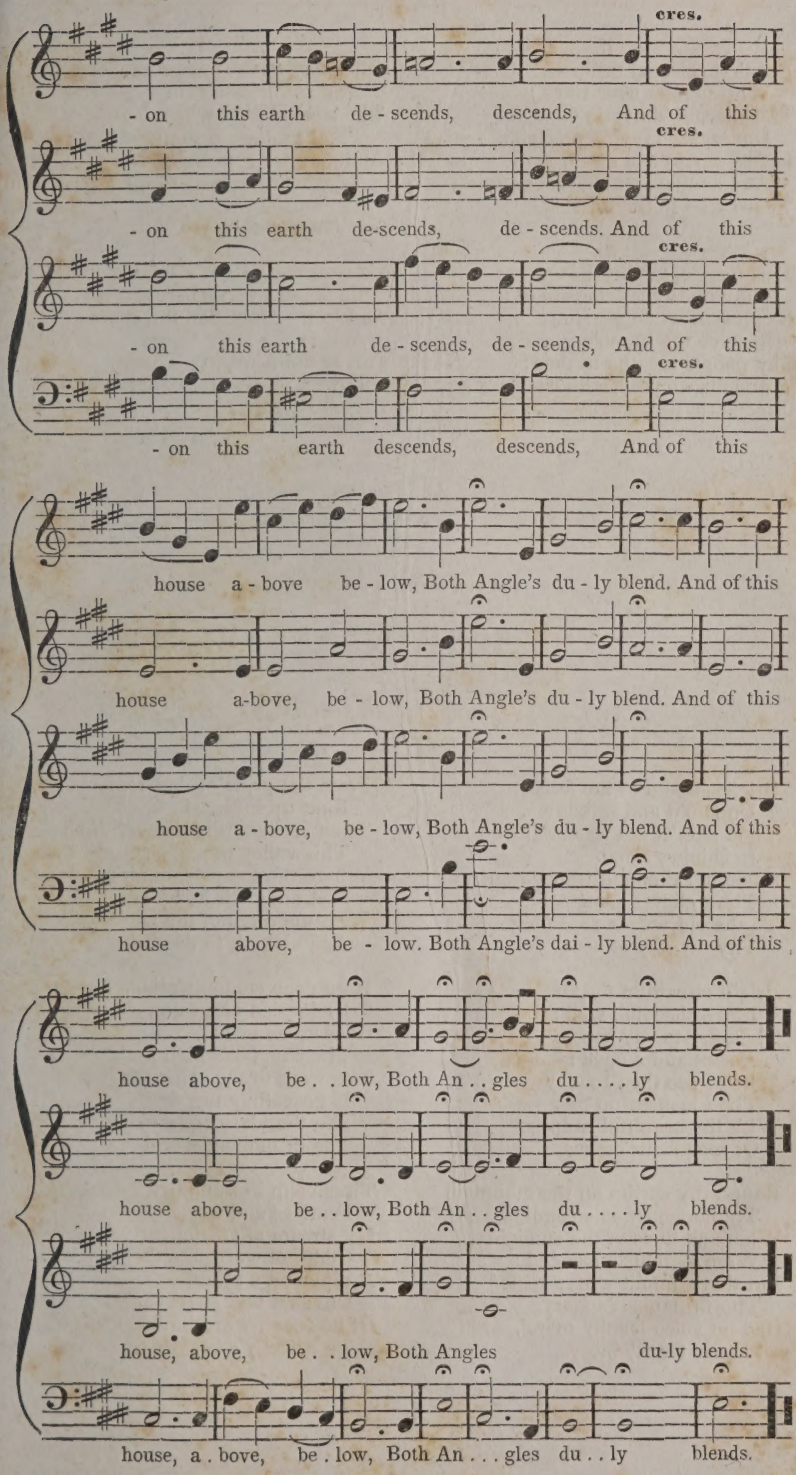
WORDS FROM THE ROMAN BREVIARY.

BY CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THE EXPOSITOR, BY

Copyrigthed by CHARLES M. KING, in 1842.


Soprano.
From high O - lympus throne, The E - ter - nal Son of God
Alto.
From high O - lympus throne, The E - ter - nal Son of God
Tenor.
From high O - lympus throne, The E - ter - nal Son of God Like
Bass.
From high O - lympus throne, The E - ter - nal Son of God
Like to a liv - ing stone Hewn from the moun - tains top, Up-
a stone Hewn from the moun - - tains top, Up-
Like to a stone Hewn from the moun-tain's top, Up-
to . . . . . a liv - ing stone, Hewn from the moun - - tains top, Up-


cres.
- on this earth de - scends, descends, And of this
cres.
- on this earth de-scends, de - scends. And of this
cres.
- on this earth de - scends, de - scends, And of this
cres.
- on this earth descends, descends, And of this
house a - bove be - low, Both Angle's du - ly blend. And of this
house a-bove, be - low, Both Angle's du - ly blend. And of this
house a - bove, be - low, Both Angle's du - ly blend. And of this
house above, be - low. Both Angle's dai - ly blend. And of this
house above, be . . low, Both An . . gles du . . . . ly blends.
house above, be . . low, Both An . . gles du . . . . ly blends.
house, above, be . . low, Both Angles du-ly blends.
house, a . bove, be . low, Both An . . . gles du . . ly blends.

II.

But that celestial throne
With praises ever rings:
The Eternal Three in One
Unceasing Hymns proclaim.
Let us our pæans swell,
And emulate with fervent strains,
Those who in Sion dwell.

III.

This temple, mighty King,
Fill with thy gracious light:
Be present while we sing;
Receive the humble vows
Thy people breathe to thee:
And fill, we pray, with heavenly grace,
Our hearts perpetually.

IV.

Oh! may our suppliant prayer,
And canticles obtain
The blessed gifts which here
Thou promiseth to grant:
And may we e'er enjoy
Those precious gifts, till forced from earth,
Our home will be the sky.

V.

To God the Father's mighty name
Be honor everywhere:
And to his Only Son the same
And to the Holy Ghost:
For, to the Almighty Three,
Power, glory, praise, are ever due,
For all Eternity.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

THE FOREST STREAM.

BY JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

Bright stream of the forest
Unnam'd and unknown,
Thou shin'st not less brightly
In shining alone.
Smooth, calm, and transparent,
Thou glidest along
To the old woods repeating
Thy myst'ry of song.

Bright stream of the forest,
I love thee full well;
Thou art to my bosom
A soul and a spell;
When I see thee I fancy
Thou lookest on me,
With the beautiful sadness
Of moonlight on sea.

Round thy spring on the mountain
Th' horizon was splendid,
Where all hues of the sunlight
Were gloriously blended:
But that summit where rested
The firmament's glory,
Had no voice for thy moral,
No ear for thy story.

From the pride of that region
Built up in the skies,
Thou seekest this silence,
This valley of sighs;
Where the tempest, expiring,
Just mingleth its breath
With the dirge of the zephyr,
And sinketh to death.

Here deep contemplation,
Undazzled and calm,
Goes up as in Ila,
The Prophet's high psalm.
The wing of the spirit
Is peacefully furl'd
While thunders are rocking
The firmament world.

Thus calm in humility,
Fearless and free,
My stream of existance
Glides onward like thee;
A type and a promise
Unveil'd and engraven,
Of its ocean-ward path
To eternity's heaven!

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